The New-Yorker.

BY H. GREELEY & CO. OFFICE 127 NASSAU-STREET. THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. II. NO. 3. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 22, 1836. WHOLE NO. 31.

For the New-Yorker.

THE OLD BANNER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

With thy old trusty comrades in glory of yore,
I see me surrounded in fancy once more!
Our proud recollections 'tis vain to control,
The wine renders back all their glow to my soul:
Our high deeds in arms from the starry Past leap,
In my poor ruined hut our Old Banner I keep;
Ah! when from its colors of pride shall I shake
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake!

'Neath thy pallet of straw I have hid it away,
Where poor, maimed and weary my old head I lay,
That Banner which, ever to Victory true,
From battle to battle for twenty years flew;
O'er Europe's wide kingdoms unrivalled it shone,
Encircled with laurels and flowers all its own:
—Ah! when from its colors of pride shall I shake
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake!

This Banner repair to our war-battered host
And to France, glory-crowned, all the blood that it cost:
Our sons with its lance upon Liberty's breast
Sported free, and its ne'er-beaten Eagle caress'd:
Let it prove to the tyrants who crush us with wrongs
How much of true fame to the people belongs:
—Ah! when from its colors of pride shall I shake
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake!

All low in the dust its bold eagle now bleeds,
Fatigued with its flight and its far famous deeds;
The Old Gaulish Cock to his colors bestow,
The thunder it also can hurl on the foe:
France, forgetting her sorrows, great, glorious, and free!
Shall pour forth her blessings again upon thee:
—Ah! when from its colours of pride shall I shake
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake?

Now, weary with Victory longer to roam,
The support of the laws at length 'twill become,
Each soldier, I ween, on the banks of the Loire,
Was a citizen, thanks to his soul's martial fire:
Our sorrow alone it can hide from the world;
To the wild frontier winds let its folds be unfurled:
—Ah! when from its colors of pride shall I shake
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake!

There it stands by the side of my arms in its pride:
To gaze on it now but by stealth is denied:
O! come my own Banner! my hope for long years!
It is thee! thee alone that must banish my tears;
High Heaven will lend a kind ear to the prayer
Of a soldier who weeps—then I need not despair:
—Ah! yes, from its colors of pride I shall shake
The tarnishing dust, and bid heroes awake!

Paris, July 19, 1836. FALCONER.

Translated for the New-Yorker.

SHAKSPEARE.

(Extracts from Chateaubriand's "Essay on English Literature.")

We come at length to Shakspeare; let us speak of him at our ease, as Montesquieu did of Alexander. I will only cite here from memory, 'Every Man' played in the reign of Henry VIII. 'Mother Gurton's Needle' by Stell in 1551.—The dramatic authors cotemporary with Shakspeare were Robert Green, Heywood, Decker, Rowley, Peel, Chapman, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher—*oratio jacet*. However, 'The Fox' and 'The Alchymist' of Ben Jonson are comedies yet much esteemed.

Spenser was the poet in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—the author eclipsed by Macbeth and Richard III.—scarcely visible by the rays of his 'Shepherd's Calendar' and the 'Fairy Queene.' Did Montmorency—Biron—Sully—by turn ambassadors from France at the courts of Elizabeth and James I.—ever hear speak of the ballad-maker, the actor in his own farces and in those of others? Did they ever pronounce the name of Shakspeare, which sounds so barbarous in a Frenchman's ear? Did they ever suspect that with him dwelt a glory in which their honors, pomps and titles would be swallowed up? Well, the strolling player, who filled the role of the ghost in Hamlet, was the mighty phantom, the shadow of the Middle Age, which arose for the whole world, like the night star, at the moment when the Middle Age itself had finished to descend among the dead. Gigantic ages! which Dante opened and Shakspeare closed.

In the '*Precis Historique*' of Witheloke, cotemporary of the singer of Paradise Lost, we read, "A certain blind man named Milton, Secretary of Parliament for the Latin Despatches!" Moliere the player represented his own Pourceaugnac, in like manner as Shakspeare the buffoon grimaced *his* Falstaff. Comrade of the poor Mandarge, the author of the Tartuffe changed his illustrious name Pouquelin for the obscure one of *Moliere*, that he might not dishonor his father the carpet-weaver!

'Before a little earth, obtained by prayer,
Shut in the grave for aye our Moliere,
His thousand beauties, boasted of to-day,
Were spurned by scottish souls before our eyes away.'

Thus these veiled travellers, which come from time to time and sit down at our table, are treated but as vulgar guests. We are ignorant of their immortal natures until the day they disappear. On leaving the earth, they transfigure themselves, and say to us as did the heavenly messenger to Tobit, "I am one of the seven who are ever present before the Lord."

These divinities, unknown to men in their passage through life, are not unknown to one another. Milton sings—

'What! needs my Shakspeare, for his honored bones,
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a starry-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory! great heir of Fame!
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name!
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument;
And so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That Kings for such a tomb would wish to die.'

Michael Angelo, envying the destiny and the genius of Dante, exclaims— 'Why am I not like him?
For his hard exile, with his virtues high,
I'd give the whole of earth's felicities.'

Tasso celebrates Camoens when almost unknown, and calls him the Renowned, waiting for the messenger of a thousand mouths: 'Vasco!— — — —
Camoens hath so unfurled his glorious wing,
That thy tarred vessels have not dared so far."

There is nothing so sublime as this society of illustrious equals revealing themselves one to another by signs, and conversing together in a language known but to themselves.

But what thought Milton of the happy predictions made of the Stuarts through the terrible drama of the Prince of Denmark? The apologist of the judgement of Charles I. had even to prove to *his* Shakspeare that he was deceived; he could say to him—using the words of Hamlet—England "hath not yet worn out the shoes in which she followed his body." The prophecy has been retrenched: the Stuarts have disappeared from Hamlet as from the world.

DANTE AND SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare is, like Dante, a solitary comet which traversed the constellations of the old heavens, returned to the feet of God, and said to Him like the thunder, 'Behold me!'

* * * * * * * * *

Dante appeared in an age which we may call one of darkness; then the galley hardly bore the sailor into the well-known waters of the Mediterranean; neither America nor the passage to the Indies by the Cape of Good Hope were as yet discovered; Powder had not yet changed arms, nor Printing the world; feudalism weighed with all the darkness of its night upon subjugated Europe.

Dante came two centuries and a half before Shakspeare, and found nothing on arriving in the world. The Latin society, dead, had left behind it a beautiful language, but of a breathless beauty—a language useless for common purposes, inasmuch as it explained neither the character, the ideas, the manners, nor the wants of the new life. The necessity of comprehension had given birth to a vulgar idiom, employed on both sides of the Alps of the South, and on the two branches of the Eastern Pyrenees. Dante adopted this bastard of Rome which the *savans* and men of power disdained to recognize; he found it vagabonding in the streets of Florence, nourished by chance among a republican people in all its plebeian and democratic rudeness. He communicated to the son of his choice its virility, its simplicity, its independance, its nobleness, its sadness, its holy sublimity, and its savage grace. Dante called from nothingness the speech of his spirit; he gave being to the word of his genius; he fabricated himself the lyre from which he was to draw such harmonious sounds, as those astronomers who invented the instruments with which they measured the heavens. Italian and the Divina Comedia sprung at once from his brain; at the same throe, the illustrious exile bequeathed to the human race an admirable language and an immortal poem.

But when the mother of Shakspeare gave birth to an obscure child in 1564, two thirds of the famous age of the Restoration and the Reformation had already evolved—that age in which the principal modern discoveries were made, the true system of the world explained, the heavens observed, the globe explored, sciences studied, and the fine arts arrived at a perfection which they have never attained since. The English tragedian found a language—not finished, it is true, but three-fourths so—already employed by philosophers and celebrated poets—Bacon and Thomas More, Surrey and Spenser. Great things and great men hurried from every quarter. Families went to sow in the woods of New-England the germs of a fruitful independence; provinces broke the yoke of their oppressors and placed themselves in the rank of nations. On the thrones after Charles Quint, Francois I. Leo X. shone Sixte-Quint, Elizabeth, Henri IV. Don Sebastian, and that Philip who was not a vulgar tyrant.—Among the warriors are to be reckoned John of Austria, the Duke of Alba, the Admirals Veniero and Jean Andre Doria, the Prince of Orange, the two Guises, Colegruy, Biron, Leo Siguieres, Montluc, La Neue. Among the magistrates, legislators, ministers, and politicians—L'Hopital, Harley, Du Moulins, Cujus, Sully, Olevaney, Cecil, D'Ossat. Among the prelates, the sectarians, the *savans*, the men of erudition, the literati—Saint Charles Borromeo, Saint Francois de Sales, Calvin, Theodore Beza, Buchanan, Tycho Brache, Galileo, Bacon, Cardan, Kepler, Ramus, Scaliger, Etienne, Manuel. Just Lipse, Vidal, Baronius, Mariana, Amyot, Montaigne, Du Haillan, Begnien, De Thou, D'Aubigne, Brantome, Marot, Ronsard, and a thousand others. Among the artists—Titian, Paul Veronese, Annibal Carrachio, Simaovius, Jules Romain, Dominiquin, Palladio, Vignole, Jean Goujon, Guido, Poussin, Rubens, Van Dyck, Velasques: Michael Angelo seemed to have wished to wait for the hour of the birth of Shakspeare. Far from being a chief sparkling on the bosom of barbarism, Shakspeare, last-born of the Middle Age, was a barbarian, and but entered the ranks of civilization in progress, and bade it look on the past. He was not a solitary star; he marched in concert with orbs worthy of his firmament—Camoens, Tasso, Ercilla, Lope de Vega Calderon—two epic poets and two tragedians of the first order.

Shakspeare arose under the protection of that Queen who sent the sailor forth to the ends of the earth in search of the riches of the laborer. Enough of peace and glory reigned in the bosom of England, that a poet might sing in security, while at the same time society did not want within and without spectacles proper for moving the soul and warming the thought. Elizabeth offered in herself a historic personage.—Shakspeare was twenty-three years old when Mary Stuart was beheaded. Born of Catholic parents himself, he heard doubtless from his co-religionists how Elizabeth endeavored to seduce her captive by Rolstan, that she might dishonor her infant, and that, profiting by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, it entered her thoughts to deliver up Mary in anger to the Scotch Protestants. Who knows but that curiosity may not have attracted the young William of Stratford to Fotheringay at the moment of the catastrophe? Who knows

if he had not seen the bed, the room, or the vaults hung with black, the block, the head of Mary separated from the trunk, and in which the first blow of the axe, falsely planted, buried her ruff and her long hair? Who knows but his eye may not have rested on the elegant form, the object of the curiosity and profanation of the hangman!

Later, Elizabeth cast another head at Shakspeare's feet.—Mahomet II. beheaded a slave, to place his head before a painter. Strange composition of man and woman, Elizabeth appears to have been swayed through a life enveloped in mystery by passion, and never by love. 'The last malady of this Queen,' say the memoirs of the times, 'proceeded from a sadness which she ever kept secret; she would never use remedies of any kind, as if she had taken the resolution to die—fatigued with life on some secret account, which they have attributed to Essex's death.'

SHAKSPEARE'S SONNETS.

There is more of poetry, imagination, and melancholy in these verses, than of sensibility, passion, and depth. Shakspeare loves, but he no longer believes in love than in aught else. A woman is to him a bird, a breeze, a flower—something which charms and passes. Through recklessness or ignorance of his own renown—perhaps by his profession, which threw him in the shade of society, without the condition of life which he could not reach, he seems to have regarded life but as an hour light and unoccupied—a leisure rapid and sweet. Poets love liberty and the muse more than their mistress. The Pope offered Petrarch to secularize, that he might marry Laura: the poet answered the obliging offer of His Holiness, "I have many sonnets to write yet."

Shakspeare, this soul so tragic, drew his serious from his mockery, his disdain for himself and the human race: 'perhaps' is a word which he uses on all occasions. Montaigne, on the other side of the sea, repeated, "*Peut être—que sais-je?*"—(Perhaps—how know I!)

SHAKSPEARE'S PATRONS, &c.

Lord Southampton was Shakspeare's friend,—and yet it is not evident whether he did any thing for him. Elizabeth and James I. protected the actor, and apparently despised him. On his returning to his native place, he planted the first mulberry tree which had ever been seen in Stratford. He died in 1616, at Newplace, his country house—born on the 23d April, 1564: this same day, (23d April,) which had brought before men, came in search of him in 1616, to conduct before his God. Interred under a paving-stone of the church of Stratford, he had a statue seated in a niche like a saint painted black and scarlet, repainted by the grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, and redaubed with plaster by Malone. A hole was dug some years since in the sepulchre. The gravedigger set to watch over this aperture saw neither bones nor coffin; he perceived but dust, and they said that it was something even to have seen Shakspeare's dust. The poet in an epitaph warned them against touching his bones: friend of repose, silence, and obscurity, he put himself on his guard against the bustle, the noise and eclat of his future. Behold, then, all that we know of the life of this immortal!—a house in a village—a mulberry tree—the lanthorn with which the author-actor played the role of *Brother Laurence* in Romeo and Juliet—a rough village effigy—and a tomb broken into.

Paris, Aug. 1836. W. P.

For the New-Yorker.

"THOU ART THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE."

THE darkness of the tempest is around,
And wanderers upon Life's treacherous sea
Are blindly driven 'mid the gloom profound:
They know not whither—on they wildly flee:
We trust for guidance, Heavenly Power, in Thee:
Thou art the way!

Our vessel strikes upon the hidden shoals
Of Error and of Doubt.—The conflict quell!
That threatens to o'erwhelm our storm-tost souls:
In Thee we trust amid the billows' swell—
Thou wilt protect us from their anger well—
Thou art the truth!

We perish! yet, upon the giddy brink,
Of Death's profound, Faith doth our souls sustain:
Without a sigh we sunder every link
That binds us to this world of wo and pain:
In Thee we know that we shall live again:
Thou art the life!

Rochester, N. Y. 1836. L——n.

For the New-Yorker.

REMORSE.

"He wrote upon a card, with a pencil, the word *Remorse*, and handed it to me, telling me to keep it and look at it hereafter."
Dr. Parish's Testimony in the Case of Mr. Randolph's Will.

KING Conscience sits upon his awful throne,
And bids our long-forgotten actions rise;
And as they come in troops, or one by one,
The startled sight their number multiplies.

Bright moments of our youth—all thrown away
Upon the rainbow chase in Pleasure's train:
High-sounding praise—the gorgeous and the gay—
Ambition's feast—now turn'd to bitter pain.

The Past, the Present, and the Future seem
To crowd together on the trembling mind—
The phantoms frightful of a feverish dream!
To Thee we turn, oh God! relief to find.

Too few, alas! beneath the spangled sky,
Can turn the page of Memory to each lid,
And not find deeds o'er which to weep and sigh,
Such as they wish were in Oblivion hid.

Montgomery, Ala. Sept. 1836. S. C. O

For the New-Yorker.

GLEANINGS OF TRAVEL.—No. III.

LIVERPOOL.

THE venerable churches that still remain as evidences o the influence that the forms of religion once exercised ove. king and serf, in presenting a grandeur of structure that modern resource cannot rival, also offer, in their noble chapels for the dead, and in the ingenious sculpture of full-robed prelates, armed warrior kings and knights, and 'ladyes proude and faire,' an evidence of the disposition that has ever prevailed to perpetuate the memory of the departed by exterior monuments of beauty and magnificence. The mode has changed. Cloistered abbeys, with few exceptions, are now perambulated by the stranger and the antiquarian, and their ancient walls are seldom profaned by modern decorations.—The taste has improved. The golden rays of light from the setting sun, the mellow reflection of the placid moon, and the twinkling of the stars of the firmament, all contribute to lend a charm to the free and lovely spots that are now selected for sepulture. Of these, France has her Pere la Chaise, America her Mount Auburn, and England her St. James.

St. James Cemetery, without special resemblance to its rivals, offers characteristics that are not less attractive, and which must render it one of the curiosities of the world. On the summit of an eminence that commands Liverpool and the Mersey, there was once a ledge of stone which was gradually cut away for the purpose of building edifices and constructing the famous docks of the town, until a vast and shapeless delf appeared as an irremediable deformity in a district designed to be very fashionable in Liverpool. The proprietors of the place, in association, determined to apply the assistance of art to effect a transformation in its appearance, and to blend ornament with utility. The almost magic alteration that has been achieved is a monument of the capacity of the architect who has the reputation of designing and perfecting the celebrated Cemetery of St. James.

There is at times a poetical stillness which invests the Sabbath that hallows it more than the thousand demonstrations of pealing bells and church processions that have distinguished it through many ages. All around partakes of its holy placidness. The sun seems to shine more beneficently—the ethereal blue seems more celestial—

'And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heav'n-tun'd song—the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen.'

It was on such a day, when all nature was joyously alive to the expressions of vivifying Spring, that I felt inclined, in the company of a few friends, after the services of the morning had been concluded, to while away a few moments among the shaded walks of the Cemetery.

Ascending from the city, we reached a square which brought us before a part of the iron-paled wall that surrounds the Cemetery,—and, passing a pretty Doric lodge, situated in an abrupt angle which lies between the Cemetery and St. James Promenade, we entered a minor porch, and were directly on a gravelled walk, with the trimmed hawthorn and heavier shrubbery on either side, that extended on our right in sinuous length and pleasant quietude until a circular turn placed us upon a long and open terrace. This is the point of prospect. Here a more massive terrace of exact masonry arose above us, surmounted by a line of oaks, through the tender leafage of which the dwelling-places of rooks were visible, and where their croaking music, their flitting and watchful figures, and the responses of their little broods, proclaimed the domestic ties of the genial Spring. On the left, declined a gentle sloping bank; rich and variegated shrubbery put forth the vivid foliage of the season and clothed it with verdure; and fragrant flowers shed a delicious perfume to be wafted by the passing breeze. The delicate warblers of the Spring carolled forth their joyous notes, seemingly in gratitude for the benignant smiles of Heaven; and the harmony of these untaught songsters gave to the human heart an impulse of pleasure—the undefined, the mysterious ecstasy of feeling that announces the impress of The God!—Then came 'the valley of the shadow of Death.' It was far, far beneath our steps, winding around our graceful bank, and lost on either side in the irregularity of its form and among the trees that have sprung up to beautify it. The resting-place of the dead did not appal, and the superstitious would have failed to arouse the phantom of his imagination. It lay in charming peacefulness, and the whited columns that denoted the spirits that had passed away were tastefully interspersed through the vale amid the verdant productions of modern cultivation. In the midst of these monuments, a finely proportioned temple, from a Grecian model, appeared conspicuously above them all, emblematic of the master spirit it is intended to commemorate. Still our gaze continued, and the opposite confines of the valley gave a new feature to the cone. Piles of massive masonry were reared in singular erraced alternations, and stood forth like the mighty battlements of former days. But the moat, the portcullis, and the machiolated turrets, were not there. The regular portals, that almost breathed of feudal architecture, were not avenues for the winged missiles of death, but indicated the sepulchres of the solid rock in which the dead were to find repose. The *coup d'œil* was perfected as the eye passed this gigantic piece of architecture to include the range of splendid edifices that are to surround St. James Palace of the Tombs.

Our walk progressed, almost every step presenting a change. We advanced to one of the grand entrances, and passed it by, to descend gradually to the deep plain which but a moment before had constituted a part of our varied view. The scene was lovely. The terrace of our recent promenade was lost in the rich culture that made the inclined eminence, now on our left, a delightful Eden. And by contrast, more lofty seemed the grey and aspiring walls on our right. The ivy, too, was clambering in luxuriant growth along rugged cliffs that were before concealed from sight, and promised well from its rapid progress to embrace in time the entire masonry of the place. The intersected walks offered a variety of tasteful parterres, within which were carefully disposed the inscribed tablets to departed friends. But yet more lovely than all—the mounds of the tombs were converted into miniature gardens, where the choicest plants of the Spring-time were putting forth their blossoms. How can memory appear more hallowed than in this delicate tribute of the living to their relatives and friends? The anticipation of this holy expression of the affections would alleviate the pangs of disease and disarm the agony of death.

The Corinthian temple to which I have alluded was before us. It is constructed of stone, and was raised as a monument to the memory of Huskisson by the citizens of Liverpool. The interior is intended to receive a statue of this eminent man sculptured by one of the first artists. Lamented Huskisson! His aspiring spirit, his indefatigable industry, and unceasing *amor patriæ*, promised him the highest reputation in the opinions of his countrymen. The projects of his life were fast realizing, and the conceptions of his genius were convincing the skepticism of his opponents. But all availed not. In a moment the finger of Death marked his victim, and the glory of his name was embalmed in the affections of his friends—a vast and liberal community.

Beyond the temple, this transformed ravine increased in breadth until it was limited by a sudden angle, from which another principal entrance to the Cemetery was seen in the distance as its final boundary. A change was here, but novelty alone was not the source of its attraction. Far above our ascending steps, towered a vast plain of solid rock, which seemed as if cleft by some great revolution of conflicting ele

ments, leaving in their course an angular fissure that apparently bid defiance to egress by the inaccessible steepness of its rugged walls. On the one side of the cleft, a chaste chapel, with an Athenian arcade, rested like a minor Parthenon almost upon its dizzy brink. The holy rites of the church are performed every hebdomaire for the few that may prefer to gather there; and its doors are alway opened when the services of its pastor are required for the ritual of the dead. The parsonage has been apportioned directly opposite, and the plainer tenement of its pastor added another feature of interest to the painting that was spread out before us. But the ivy is flourishing, and the lesser fissures of the rock are filled with rich earth, from which choice shrubbery has sent forth its foliage to contribute a romantic beauty to the strangeness of this part of St. James. Then when all appeared to find its limitation here, a glance at the left offered still a novelty which at first had escaped our notice. The solid rock had been made to yield to the hand of the artisan, and we ascended from among the dead through a chiseled tunnel of entire stone, which was succeeded by an uncovered avenue, with its unjointed walls hewn from the same bed. We were again above, in the open air; we passed the grand gate, and departed as we entered, opposite to the Lodge.

Our conversation was long and earnest. It dwelt on the dying, the dead, and the grave. The cherub smile of infant innocence, the blushing cheek of maiden modesty, and the white locks of venerable age, were arrayed in all the vicissitudes of fleeting life. The circle of all our experience exhibited the feeble tenure of the existence for which we exercise the energies of our inmost soul, and almost sacrifice the few and fitful gleams of pleasure that we can proclaim our own. But our visit had not changed our cheerfulness,—and the tenements of the departed were so perfectly enrobed in beauty that we all concluded not to repine at the prospect of decease, if our graves could be ensured in the modern Paradise of Death—the Cemetery of St. James. GERALD.

Liverpool, 1826.

From Blackwood's Magazine for September.

'POOR WILL NEWBERRY!'

THESE words have occasionally haunted my memory for more than twenty years, and still vibrate on my ear in the same mournful tone of grief, regret, and tenderness, as I last heard them uttered by one, through the course of whose life the sentiment that gave indescribable pathos to the simple ejaculation, "Ah, poor Will Newbery!" had never been forgotten.

"Ah, poor Will Newbery!" who and what was he? It was a mystery to the younger part of our household. In the neighborhood, in the whole extent of our acquaintance, there was none who bore that name, nor was it associated with any of our family traditions, although they went back through several generations; yet his identity we could not doubt, and we associated something very romantic and dismal with the name of this unknown and mysterious person. And now, methinks, I cannot give due effect to my simple recital, without introducing my readers to the circumstances which kept the seal of secrecy so long unbroken. I have alluded to one in whose bosom this secret seemed mournfully treasured. She was a gentlewoman far advanced in years, my maternal aunt, Mrs. Lloyd.

I may, perhaps, hereafter have occasion to mention the circumstances that rendered her an inmate in our house. It is sufficient to my present purpose to state, that she was extremely beloved and respected by the family with whom she dwelt, and especially interesting to those between whose age and her own lay an affecting sojourn of so many years; nor is it singular that these travellers in an unknown world should be peculiarly acceptable to the curiosity and inexperience of childhood and youth; but that difference of age, which did not preclude the most amiable and delightful sympathies, would have prevented any approach to familiarity on the subject in question: and it was only when she sat in a state of deep abstractedness, evidently imagining herself alone, or forgetful of those around her, that we ever heard her thus ejaculate—"Ah, poor Will Newberry!"

I have at this instant before me the face and figure of that fine old age, as she sat in that dim hour of evening which, in the stillness of country life, is so conducive to meditation and reflection. In the old-fashioned parlor which was the common family room, we sat one or more of us, abstracted or silent as herself, watching the last fading colors in the distant horizon, when a deep sigh would draw our attention, and our eyes instantly turning on our venerable relative, we again beheld the clasped hands, the supplicating uplifted countenance, and heard again the affecting apostrophe to the never-forgotten dead, "Ah! poor Will Newberry!" There were four of us, and if we were all present, actuated by the same feeling, we stole out of the room so quietly that not a step could be heard; and then, at that romantic period of girlhood, in the pensive twilight, did we walk in our garden or orchard, and alone or together, meditate or converse in conjunction on the circumstances that could so have hallowed the memory of "poor Will Newberry."

We had for a long time, each of us, entertained an idea that he must have been the lover of her by whom he was so tenderly remembered; and at last we began to communicate our thoughts on the subject to each other; for whatever we thought, we talked very little of love; and never, as I recollect, till the approaching night threw its veil over our faces, did our lips dare to utter, oh, how softly! the few and cautious words that gave expression to our sentiments.

The extreme reserve that was always observed by the heads of our family on this subject, continued, no doubt, to protract our shyness beyond the usual period when confidential intercourse is generally established; but an event occurred which introduced it, cautiously indeed, but at once, into our family conversation; this was the marriage of a young lady, one of the very few relatives—Bride favors were of course sent to us. We received them with blushes, and appeared in them at Church on the following Sunday with downcast looks. I remember that for some days after this event, we frequently found our mother's eyes fixed on us with an unusually thoughtful expression. The eldest of us was then about seventeen, a year older than the young bride. A short time after, we were sitting together in our garden bower; the evening closed in upon us slowly and imperceptiby; our little pieces of work rested in our hands on our laps; Julia's book was closed; the spirit of musing stole over us, and we sat quite silent, until a deep sigh from my mother was followed by a few remarks which had nothing particular in them, but which riveted our attention from the manner in which they were spoken. But it is not my purpose here to relate the whole of my mother's discourse of that evening; it is sufficient to state, that while she held up to her daughter's example, with inimitable simplicity, the conduct of a line of females distinguished for their virtue and piety, with a voice that suddenly faltered, she acknowledged that there was one whose youth had been marked by an error, so serious in itself and pitiable in its consequences, that all the succeeding years of her long life, regulated, as they had been, by the strictest rules of morality and piety, had not been able to obliterate it from her memory. "Ah, poor Will Newberry," added my mother, "is all I have ever heard from her own lips on the subject." Oh! that I could give my readers any portion of that intense curiosity with which we listened to the developement of this long pending mystery! but vain as this wish is, the incident is in itself so singular, that I am induced to offer a slight sketch of the life and character of her whose otherwise simple history is so unfortunately distinguished.

Mrs. Anne Johnson, my father's maternal aunt, was the eldest daughter of a substantial yeoman at Up Ottery, in Devonshire. He would perhaps, in these days, have been called a gentleman farmer, for he rented considerably, and was, beside, the owner of a small freehold; but the title was not then in existence, and he was a plain, sensible man, who coveted not titles, or any thing that belonged to them, if we except the youngest daughter of a neighboring Baronet. As he was a very handsome man, he succeeded in gaining the young lady's favor, and she became his wife, but without the consent of her father, who never bestowed any fortune on his offending daughter. Of this remote and somewhat unequal alliance I never heard any thing more than that the lady lived very happily with the husband of her choice.

In the first years of her marriage she became the mother of two daughters—Anne, the subject of this memoir, and Margaret, who was my grandmother. When Anne was in her sixteenth year, her father received a proposal of marriage for her from a young man, whose situation and character were such as to render the prospect of her union with him very agreeable to both her parents. To their daughter, however, Mr. Newberry's proposal appeared in a very different light; happy in herself and in her home, without one care for the present or one anxiety for the future, a proposal so serious as that of marriage startled, disturbed, and intimidated her, and she entreated that her parents would allow her to decline Mr. Newberry's addresses; but as she continued to declare, in answer to every anxious interrogatory, that her heart was perfectly free from any predilection in favor of another, they imagined that her indifference towards Mr. Newberry, and her reluctance to marriage, might be conquered by the tenderness and the devotedness of an affection which appeared to themselves so amiable and generous, and they positively forbade her declining his addresses.

Her parents had not so entirely forgotten their own feelings as to have entertained a thought of forcing their daughter's affections; but where there was no affection, where the heart was free, they thought it was quite reasonable and proper that they should dispose of it themselves to a handsome young man, whom Anne would be sure to love as a husband, however cold and reserved she might be to him as a lover. Assailed at once by parental authority, and parental kindness, Anne gave a reluctant consent. The day for the union was fixed, and all due preparation made for solemnizing the nuptials. The day opened auspiciously, and, in the primitive and simple manners of that remote period, the whole wedding party walked across the fields to the parish Church at Up Ottery.

How Anne went through the ceremony I never heard related, but it is probable she betrayed no other emotion than might properly be imputed to her youth and timidity. I have said that the whole wedding party attended to witness the solemnization of the nuptials. It was a large party; and, upon leaving the Church, the bride, declining the arm of him who did not appear to presume upon a right so recently obtained, mixed with those young companions who had attended her upon the occasion.

The wedding party was, by some chance, broken into little groups, and when they all assembled in the great hall of her father's house, the bride was not among them. She had not been missed sooner, because one group imagined she had joined the other. "But where was the bride now? She must have returned before them—was in her garden or in her chamber." The garden and chamber were searched—Anne was not to be found. Enquiries were made of the servants—they had not seen their young mistress. "She was certainly not returned, then." Her companions all declared this was some little jest of Anne's—she was always so lively—she had certainly given them the slip coming from Church, in order to make them search for her—they knew all her haunts; and they were all off instantly, in high glee, for a game of hide and seek with the pretty bride. In about an hour they dropped in again, with the enquiry, "Who has found Anne?" And the last scout had returned, and still Anne was not found.

When the jest first began to wear a serious aspect—when the breast of the bridegroom was stricken, and the countenance of the parents fell, and the jests of the assembled party turned into assurances that no harm could have happened to Anne, can only be imagined; but in a few hours the whole household were out in search of her. As the evening advanced, increasing terror spread from house to house, and, during the whole of the night, all the inhabitants of the village were out for miles in quest of her. The old men, leaning upon their sticks, and women, with children in their arms, were standing at the yard gates of her father's house, to catch the first tidings. The lights in the deserted house were dismal to behold; where no one rested for a moment, but where returning guests came only to find disappointment, and to hurry off again with lessening hope and increased alarm; but it is impossible to describe the consternation and dismay that pervaded every breast, and spoke in every look, when the morning broke upon their unavailing search. As the day advanced, every pond and well, for miles round, was dragged—messages were sent in every direction; yet, notwithstanding this general and strict enquiry, no clue could be found to account for the mysterious absence of her, to whom all now began to assign some terrible destiny.

It is probable that those bosoms which were the first given up to fear, were the last in which some slight hope of her return was totally extinguished; but when day passed after day, and weeks and even months came into the reckoning, when this appalling event was named, those flittings of hope hovered only for an instant over the darkest abysses of terror and dismay. Her parents and sister had at least some companionship in their strange and heart-appalling circumstances; but the miserable husband was alone in his grief; alone he wished to be—he soon ceased to seek sympathy in kindred or friend—he absented himself from his habitation for days and weeks together; no one would doubt that he went in search of her whom he had thus mysteriously lost; but upon his return he soon ceased to make any communication whither he had been, and the looks with which he was received anticipated his own inquiries.

Month after month passed away, but time, whose lenient influence soothes other griefs, only increased the despair of the forlorn and bewildered man. By degrees his health and strength failed him, but the blow had come upon him in the vigor of youthful manhood, and the struggle of grief with youth and strength was long and doubtful, although deadly at last. When his strength became so exhausted that his feeble limbs could carry him no farther, he still continued to walk to the Church where Anne had become his bride. He always took the same path, and was observed, in certain spots, in deep abstractedness of mind; but he started if a leaf fell at his feet, or at the rustling of the wind, or the flitting of a shadow, and the earnest gaze of his sunken eye bespoke a blended feeling of expectation and fear: It was a look of intense desire to behold some object, but of doubt and dread whether that object were of this or another world. He used to stand for whole hours at the Church porch, on the very spot where he had last parted from Anne. The late villager, or the sojourner returning to his home, sometimes passed within sight of him with feelings of the deepest commiseration, but no one intruded upon a grief that seemed to admit not of comfort or alleviation. Had the unhappy man stood by the grave of his bride, consolation might have lighted upon his soul, as the soft dews fall from hea-

ven; nay, had the earth opened and buried her quick before his eyes, even this calamity would not have been so dreadful as was his.

At the end of two years, the friends who had attended him in the triumph and exultation of his heart to the nuptial shrine, bore the corpse of the unfortunate young man to his long home of forgetfulness and rest; and the concern and pity not only of friend and relative, but of the whole neighborhood that had marked the decline of his health and strength in that long and bitter struggle, was now awakened afresh for her who had occasioned it.—What were the feelings of Anne's parents then, and what, when a few days afterwards, they received a letter from their long-lost daughter, no pen can possibly describe.—And she, their daughter, was well—in security, and waiting only their forgiveness to be at peace; and he, the victim of her caprice whom they had loved almost as their own son, for whom they had felt, even in the midst of their own anguish, unutterable pity—he was newly in his grave, and no art could restore his broken heart, no tidings could reach his ear.

It will readily be imagined that, if satisfaction was mingled with the first feelings of surprise and indignation sentiments of resentment and displeasure were soon uppermost in their minds.

Anne's beauty, and sprightly and amiable disposition, had rendered her a general favorite in the neighborhood, and those who had loved her had never ceased to deplore a fate so singular, mysterious, and fearful; but no sooner had the tidings spread abroad, than every voice and every hand was raised, accusing, reproaching, and upbraiding her cruel conduct.

But in pursuing the narrative, it is best now to return to the morning of that unfortunate and fatal marriage, which had probably no sooner been completed, than the hitherto reluctant girl and now revolting bride determined on sudden and instant flight. Thus resolved, she found little difficulty in withdrawing unobserved from such a party as I have described, passing through small enclosures with hedges, intersected with lanes, and where spots of coppice wood and orchard were interspersed. The first point gained, that of withdrawing herself without observation or suspicion, her knowledge of the country for some miles round enabled her to pass to a considerable distance by a tract the most uninhabited, and by paths the most unfrequented.

It is not probable that in a resolution thus hastily formed, she had conceived any plan for her future proceedings. To fly to a distance so remote as to screen her from present research or enquiry was the first impulse of her feelings, and she had left her native village eight or nine miles behind before she dared to sit down to rest and reflect. Bred up in the peace, comfort, security and kindness of such a household as that in which, during the whole of her short inexperienced life, she had been a favorite and cherished inmate, what must have been the feeling of a girl not quite sixteen at such a juncture, and under such circumstances, in quitting at once all she had loved, known, and trusted, to enter upon a world to which she was a stranger, the rumor of which had probably reached her peaceful retirement in all that coloring, at once so inviting and fearful to the youthful and ardent mind, but to one in her situation, so young and so unfriended, truly appalling. "Without one friend!" thought poor Anne, as she sat at the foot of a tree which spread its grateful shade over the weeping and exhausted girl—"Not one friend!" The distressing reflection brought at length to her memory a young girl who had left their neighborhood about a year before, and was now residing with an uncle in London; she was an orphan, and had been Anne's schoolmate and favorite companion; and she wiped away her tears, as her heart was eased of more than half its load of anxiety and fear, in the thought that her once favorite playmate might befriend her in her sad exigency, and assist her views. The difficulties and dangers of a journey to London, even at that time, were very secondary, in the apprehension of one whose first resolve had been so decided and desperate. It is probable also that the distance of London, the total absence of all communication with the retired little spot in which she lived, and (at the remote period of a century ago) the conviction in Anne's mind that her friends would as soon think of seeking her in a foreign country as there, might have been another inducement to her finally determining on such a plan.

Persevering in her resolution thus formed, without any other refreshment than a draught of water from the wayside stream, she had, before the close of the day, proceeded to a distance of more than twenty miles; and this she had done without making one enquiry, and carefully avoiding all recognition. She was now on the old London Road, and although exceedingly fatigued, she continued to walk slowly on, doubtful whether she should rest for the night in the first respectable dwelling that would afford her an asylum, or remain the few hours of a short midsummer night in the building or shed attached to some farm house, where she might be equally secure from observation or interruption; and her perfect acquaintance with that sort of building was, she knew, sufficient to render her choice very tolerably secure. Still, though faint and exhausted from want of food, she continued to walk irresolutely on, until, sitting down on a bank by the way-side to settle her bewildered mind, she was roused from her reflections by the appearance of a party of persons on horseback coming towards her. Rising as they approached, though not without difficulty, being more exhausted than she had imagined herself, she walked on a few paces; but her air and manner betrayed not only extreme exhaustion, but also trepidation and alarm. Two or three horsemen passed first, and then some ladies riding on pillions behind their servants. The appearance of such a young woman alone, at such an hour, and in such a situation, attracted their attention and the elder of the ladies, giving her the usual salutation of the hour, perceiving that she faltered in her reply, ordered her servant to slacken his pace; and upon a nearer observation of her ingenuous countenance, she enquired, in a tone of great kindness, "May I ask whither you are journeying alone, at this hour, on the highway, fair mistress?" The gentle and considerate manner in which this enquiry was made, struck the full heart of the poor fugitive, and her painfully suppressed feelings burst forth at once. "Oh! pity me—pity me—save me!" she exclaimed, with raised hands and streaming eyes. The whole party now halted, and the poor girl, quite overcome, staggered a few paces, and then sunk upon the bank where she had before been resting. Two or three of the party alighted, and amongst them the gentleman who was at the head of it; he was the husband of the lady whose notice Anne had attracted, and was travelling to London with his family and domestics. It was some time before Anne was sufficiently recovered to make any other reply to the questions that were put to her, than by tears, sobs, and inaudible attempts at speech. "Press her not with questions—give her time to recover herself," said the lady who had first addressed her. In the first ebullition of feeling, Anne would probably have disclosed her real situation; but in the short interval thus obtained her, she had sufficiently recovered her presence of mind; and collecting her scattered thoughts, the poor girl gave to the little fiction which she had that day invented, an air of the most perfect truth and simplicity, by the emotions of genuine grief with which it was delivered. She represented herself as a destitute orphan, who, by strange and disastrous circumstances, had been rendered dependent on one, who taking advantage of her helpless situation, had formed the most cruel designs against her, until at length she had been obliged to quit abruptly and clandestinely, and all unprepared as she then stood before them, the only little spot in the wide world with which she was acquainted, the place of her birth, and up to the period of these afflicting events, the home of her affections: and as Anne continued, through her short narrative, to pause and to weep, the lady to whom she particularly addressed herself manifesting the warmest interest in her story, when she had finished, in a kind and most pitying tone, asked where she was going, and whether she had formed any plan for her future proceedings. To these questions Anne replied, that her first thought was indeed only to fly from the danger which awaited her; but that she had, after much perplexing reflection, determined, if it pleased Heaven to defend her from the terrors and hazards of such an undertaking, to proceed on to London where there now resided a friend of hers, one who was an orphan like herself, and with whom she had grown up from infancy, until about a year before, when her young friend had been sent for by a relative of her deceased father, who, being a man of some account in the city of London, would perhaps be induced to take pity on her sad circumstances, and recommend her to some situation. "And who was this young person, from whose good offices she expected such assistance?" "She was a very virtuous, respected young woman, one Mrs. Betty Hope." Poor Anne's countenance brightened as she pronounced the name of the only friend whom she now dared to *claim*. "And Hope is the name of thy pretty mate, and is now thy only friend, poor wanderer!" exclaimed the lady; "but cheer up, my child, I trust that the presage is a gracious one!" and then turning and speaking a few words apart with her husband, the lady offered to take Anne to London, and she was immediately placed on a horse, which was led by a servant, for the accommodation of one of the young ladies, who chose occasionally to change a pillion for a saddle. With the name of the family who at once became the protectors of our interesting relative, I never was acquainted, or I have forgotten it through a lapse of years; but "Mrs. Betty Hope" was a name never to be forgotten in so singular an adventure.

With this worthy and amiable family, Anne proceeded towards the great city: but before they reached the end of their journey the slow and lonely travellers met with an adventure not very uncommon. They were attacked and plundered by highwaymen, but pity even in such breasts still prevailed for poor Anne: for when accosted in her turn, she presented her purse, containing only one solitary piece of gold, and declared with streaming eyes it was all she possessed in the world, it was instantly returned to her.

Precious little piece of gold! that preserved from pecuniary obligation the independent spirit of its singular possessor.

During her long, tedious, and, as it appears, somewhat dangerous journey, Anne's disposition and behavior had so far gained the good-will of her benevolent protectress, that she would willingly have granted her an asylum in her own house; but while her spirit would not brook obligation of this nature, she had also, reflecting on the strange step she had taken, and the perplexity of her situation, resolved upon such a plan as should render her independent of the protection of those friends, whose favor might have been forfeited by the discovery of her real situation.

Anne's education had been extremely well attended to; and simple as it would now be considered, she was so perfect a mistress of all that young females were then taught, that her friends were brought to approve of her scheme of opening a school, which, with their assistance and recommendation, offered a very fair promise of success.

The sudden and total change in her situation produced at once great solidity of character and seriousness of demeanor: and her undertaking was soon crowned with success beyond her expectation.

It was not many months before she was fortunate enough to discover the residence of Mistress Betty Hope, with whom she managed so well to obtain a private interview, in which she disclosed all that had befallen her, and engaged her confidence and secrecy. I have said that two years had elapsed before Anne communicated to her friends, in an epistle, a brief account of what I have here detailed; she pleaded, in palliation of her most strange and apparently unfeeling proceeding, that the engagement she had entered into on that fatal morning, never appeared to her so dreadful as when it was indissolubly fixed, involving her, as it did, in circumstances too fearful for her to abide, and from which she had suddenly determined to fly, at any hazard or danger; and in concluding, she besought, in the humblest manner, the forgiveness of her parents; but she held a higher tone towards him, who had, she declared, unadvisedly pressed on a suit so disagreeable to her, and she ended by avowing her fixed determination never to acknowledge those ties which had driven her from the home where his misplaced addresses had found her a cherished and happy child.

I have already stated the manner in which this letter was received; and when at length it obtained an answer, she was informed, in no softened terms, of the fatal issue of her "rash and cruel proceeding;" their forgiveness they did not withhold, but this forgiveness was coldly accorded; and they added, that, as it had pleased Providence to raise her up friends and to open to her an honest way of living after her rash adventure, they advised her not to return to her former home, unless she was prepared to meet the displeasure and reproof of all who had formerly thought but too well of her. They further added, that she, who had once credited those who had bred her up, and had withal been considered a comfort and a blessing to them, was now become to them an occasion of shame and confusion of countenance; that even her name, once so familiar and sweet to hear, now sounded harsh and stern in their ears, as when one speaks of a guilty and proscribed creature; and when they added, "we seek for consolation in the sanctuary of the afflicted—when with broken hearts we kneel at the altar where you pronounced those sacred vows which you so fearfully profaned, we pass by the grave of that most dear and worthy man whom you have destroyed."

Anne never appealed from this interdiction; she never returned to her native place, nor, as I think, ever beheld the faces of her parents again. Thus, young and affectionate as she was, cut off by her own act from parents and kindred and friends, in a situation so stern and so forlorn, that her heart had relented in grief and remorse, and entertained kinder and tenderer thoughts of him whom she had forsaken, no one could doubt who heard from her tremulous lips, after such a lapse of time, and when she was upwards of eighty years, that one forlorn, affecting expression, "Ah! poor Will Newbery!"

MAGNANIMITY OF CATHERINE OF RUSSIA.—When Dr. Dimsdale inoculated Catherine the Second for the small-pox, that Princess—who, whatever might be the vices of her moral character, possessed a very large and magnanimous mind—took precautions for securing his personal safety in case of her death. Finding herself much indisposed on a particular day, she sent for Dimsdale, whom she had already remunerated in a manner becoming so great a Sovereign. "I experience," said she, "certain sensations which render me apprehensive for my life. My subjects would, I fear, hold you accountable for any accident that might befall me. I have therefore stationed a yacht in the Gulf of Finland, on board of which you will embark as soon as I am no more; and whose Commander, in consequence of my orders, will convey you out of all danger." This anecdote, so honorable to the Empress, I heard from one of Dimsdale's sons, above forty years ago.

Wraxall's Memoirs.

USEFUL BEQUEST.—The late John Lowell, Esq. of Bombay, and formerly of Boston, has left one half of his large estate, valued at half a million, to found an institution in Boston, for the purpose of delivering lectures on scientific subjects.

PASS ON, RELENTLESS WORLD!

Swifter and swifter day by day,
Down Time's unquiet current hurled,
Thou passest on thy restless way,
Tumultuous and unstable world!
Thou passest on! Time hath not seen
Delay upon thy hurried path;
But prayers and tears alike have been
In vain to stay thy course of wrath!

Thou passest on, and with thee go
The loves of Youth—the cares of Age;
And smiles and tears, and joy and woe
Are on thy history's troubled page!
There, every day, like yesterday,
Writes hopes that end in mockery?
But who shall tear the veil away
Before the abyss of things to be?

Thou passest on, and at thy side,
Even as a shade, Oblivion treads,
And o'er the dreams of human pride,
His misty shroud for ever spreads;
Where all thy iron hand has traced
Upon that gloomy scroll to-day,
With records ages since effaced—
Like them shall live—like them decay.

Thou passest on—with thee, the vain,
That sport upon thy flaunting blaze,
Pride, framed of dust, and Folly's train,
Who court thy love, and run thy ways;
But thou and I—and he it so—
Press onward to eternity;
Yet not together let us go
To that deep-voiced but shoreless sea;

Thou hast thy friends—I would have mine;
Thou hast thy thoughts—leave me my own!
I kneel not at thy gilded shrine—
I bow not at thy slavish throne!
I see them pass without a sigh;
They wake no swelling rapture now,
The fierce delights that fire thine eye—
The triumphs of thy haughty brow!

Pass on, relentless world!—I grieve
No more for all that thou hast riven;
Pass on, in God's name—only leave,
The things thou never yet hast given;
A heart at ease—a mind at home—
Affections fixed above thy sway—
Faith set upon a world to come,
And patience through Life's little day.

From Blackwood's Magazine for September.

THE WAR OF SPARTACUS.

A HISTORICAL EPISODE.

We have extracted the following episodical fragment of history chiefly from the works of Plutarch, Livy, and Sallust. The hero of it is perhaps less known than any character really so distinguished of Pagan times. He was one of those who, failing of final success, lose the major part of the glory of their separate and astonishing advances towards it. As an escaped rebel slave, gathering around himself other slaves and objects of the most despised condition, and daring to brave the majesty of the Republic of Rome, he was regarded by the Roman authorities, people, and historians, with the utmost contempt. His successes, arising partly therefrom, but principally from the great qualities he possessed and displayed of perfect prudence and hardihood, extorted, it is true, for a while, admiration from terror. But the interval during which this lasted was too short to insure its fair transmission to the page of history. The exploits of Spartacus are consequently smothered up in the Roman annals; and it is only here and there that we get glimpses, unwillingly imparted, of his real greatness. Except to a student of history, his name, *as a hero*, is hardly familiar.—We think, therefore, that a brief history of his life and career will be acceptable to our readers. Certainly the bare and meagre recital of his achievements, all that the historians above named enables us to furnish, shows him to have been a great man. From a gladiator and runaway slave, he started at once into a consummate general. We see in every one of his great deeds that it was not to fortune but to conduct he owed his successes. All his actions seemed to belie his origin. Instead of becoming a renowned robber, as might have been expected from his previous condition, he erected himself from the very commencement of his enterprises, and with means the most ridiculously insignificant, into the antagonist of the power of Rome. What he designed gives us even a nobler conception of his vaulting mind than what he accomplished: and he exhibited particularly this mark of heroic superiority, viz: that victory the most dazzling never disturbed the sobriety of his judgement, or made him relinquish, for transient triumphs, projects more difficult, in which lasting results could alone have been established. We may almost say, that in the following sketch we have disinterred a most remarkable character. There is displayed in it, we imagine, something of Wat Tyler, and something of Napoleon, but the traits which most offend and revolt us in the two last named worthies, are not apparent in the Greek hero. We regret only that we have been able to do little more than follow the mere series of events of which he was the grand evoker. The picturesque and romance of his life are left nearly, if not altogether, to the imagination. We give, however, the crude materials for high wrought fancy to deal with, and to mould and to build up into splendid historic fiction.

Spartacus, the hero of one of the most stirring episodes in Roman history, was a man of low origin; he belonged to a family of shepherds; he was born in Spartica, a little bourg of Thrace, from which place he has taken his name. The qualities he possessed were so heroic, that Plutarch declares he should be regarded rather as a true Greek than as a barbarian. According to the account of Cœcilius, in his history of the servile war, Spartacus was taken prisoner, brought to Rome, and sold for a slave in the year 670. He remained not, however, long in this condition; he undertook not only to set himself free, but to break the chains of the slaves, his companions. And he succeeded. As an incitement to his difficult enterprise, it is said, that he recollected a circumstance which had happened him in his boyhood in his own country, from which his wife, who was skilled in divination, prophesied to him success in all his undertakings. Whilst sleeping one day, in the sun, a serpent had twined itself about his neck, and waving its flaunting crest over his head, had glided away without doing him any harm. Being free, he became a soldier, but was afterwards retaken and sold for a gladiator. He now became perfect in athletic exercises, and in fierceness, in magnanimity, and in wily courage. Escaping a second time, he took with him seventy companions, and was, by the consent of all, made their captain. This band first armed themselves from a public cook-shop with spits and other culinary weapons; they afterwards fell in with some waggon loads of gladiators, which they took, and thus provided themselves with swords and shields; finally they overcame a small body of military, so became more perfectly equipped. They were soon joined by other fugitives and adventurous mountaineers, and amounted in number to more than two hundred. The Prætor, Claudius Pulcher, was sent with three thousand men to extirpate this horde, as it was thought, of robbers. But Spartacus had never, even from the beginning, entertained an idea of assuming a brigand character. His views were more loftily ambitious. Instead of fleeing from the formidable armed force sent against him, he prepared to resist and overcume it. He took post for this purpose on the precipitous steeps of Mount Vesuvius, of which the fires were then thought to be burnt out, where he could not be attacked but by great disadvantages. Claudius Pulcher, on arriving before this strong position, resolved to risk no action till the enemy—driven down by hunger—should descend to the plain; and he pitched his camp at the foot of the mountain. Spartacus watched his adversary's movements; and, knowing the impossibility of long holding out where he was, he resolved to take advantage of the Roman General's manifest contempt of himself and his followers. For this purpose he had a quantity of the supplest vine branches cut, and, by twisting and uniting these together, a species of rope was formed, by which, in the dead of the night, he and his men let themselves, without noise, down into one of the amplest hollows at the mountain's base. The camp of Claudius Pulcher was sleeping in security when this bold band fell upon it, destroyed and dispersed it utterly, and got possession of all its arms and baggage. Three thousand men were thus scattered or perished, by the nocturnal onset of a little more than two hundred escaped slaves. From this moment the name of Spartacus spread through Italy. The discontented and the oppressed crowded from all quarters to his standard. He hesitated then not a moment in assuming the character of the champion of liberty, and issued a proclamation, of which the following are some of the kindling sentiments:

"What is easier," it said, "than to surprise and crush cowards, enervated by opulence and pleasure, wretches, who know nothing but to quarrel and to strive among themselves about their luxuries. Feasters and sacrilegions! the golden cups of their drunken revels belong rightly and solely to the altars of the gods. In our blind and shameful submission is all their strength. Let us resume this day the superiority which is ours. Consider the multitudes who groan in chains, as we have groaned; despise the riches which are the glory of our tyrants, and which alone make them *look* dreadful whilst they *are* contemptible. Rise up! brave comrades, without delay or deliberation. The courage which hesitates is cowardice. It depends upon you to deliver your country from its oppressors; and the land belongs, by right, to the most fearless."

Such words possessed an illusive spell which they have not yet lost. The effect of the proclamation was, that ten thousand combatants, in the space of one month, were added to the force of Spartacus. When this army, for it deserved at that period the name, had been furnished with arms and horses, Spartacus exercised it long in military discipline; divided it into companies and cohorts, into light and heavy troops and minor corps, and placed it under the command of the seventy gladiators who had accompanied him in his second escape. The force being composed chiefly of Gauls and Thracians, the two principal Generals immediately under himself were, the one a Gaul and the other a Thracian, and national jealousies were thus avoided. Many small towns were, in the course of the first march, taken, the slaves every where liberated, who, in a short time, swelled the army to the number of forty thousand; and horrible retaliations were perpetrated on the noble and the rich. Outrages and atrocities of this kind, however, Spartacus did all in his power to check, but in vain.

The Roman Senate now sent another army against this formidable band of the insurgents. Ten thousand men were put under the command of Varinius, for the purpose of extirpating them. The smallness of this body shows in what contempt the Romans held the slave army. Spartacus, though so superior in numbers, resolved, like a great General, not to attack the disciplined and compact force sent against him in regular battle, if he could avoid it, knowing that mere wild and tumultuous courage, little amenable to command, is no match for skill and obedience, though unmerically in vast inferiority. He ordered a retreat behind the mountains of Lucania; but the Gauls especially, with Crixus, their commander, at their head, looked upon this as pusillanimity. They were determined, separating themselves on the occasion from Spartacus, to fight, and were completely defeated. The retreat took place. The rebel army arrived in Lucania without being attacked or incommoded. On the contrary, Spartacus found an opportunity during his march to fall upon a Roman division commanded by Furius, and completely routed the two thousand men of which it was composed.—

Varinius had nearly, a few days after, by skilful manœuvering, shut up his enemy in a sterile spot, enclosed on the one side by mountains almost impassable, and on the other by the swollen and rushing water courses which fall into the Gulf of Tarentum.

The way in which Spartacus extricated himself from this difficult position is striking. His camp was regularly formed. Soldiers mounted guard continually at its gates; sentinels relieved each other, and military order and precision seemed to prevail throughout. But one night at the second watch, just at the time of relieving guard, Spartacus and his whole army marched out, keeping the deepest silence. A trumpeter was left in the camp; and at proper distances a number of bodies, lately dead, were stuck up, armed and dressed in imation of the sentinels of the advanced posts. From time to time the trumpeter sounded the accustomed signals. Great fires were also lighted to complete the deception. The Romans conceived no suspicion. In the morning they found the camp void, and were struck with stupefaction at being so completely duped.

From this time the offensive war of Varinius was turned into a defensive one. He felt the superiority of his adversary. He was also obliged to divide his army into two corps. He despatched Cossinius to the south, and marched himself to the northward direction. Spartacus learning this disposition from volunteer spies he had all over the country, resolved to profit by it. He left the main body of his force under Crixus, and marched with his light troops with incredible speed upon Cossinius.—By sunset he had crossed the Aufidus. He found his adversary encamped by the salt marshes, at present called the *Lago salso*. Cossinius heard at the same moment of the approach and attack of Spartacus. Just as the night came on, the slave General fell with the suddenness of a thunderbolt upon the Roman legions. Cossinius was at the moment bathing in a neighboring fountain. He had hardly time to flee away, naked as he was. Baggage, camp, and all which it contained, fell into the hands of Spartacus; but brilliant as this success was, he stopped not to enjoy it. He pursued the enemy and forced him to action. The battle was to the insurgent army a victory; the Romans were beaten and dispersed, and Cossinius himself remained among the dead upon the field.

Spartacus now felt himself strong enough to meet Varinius in a pitched and regular action. The Prætor offered him battle and he accepted it, though his men were badly armed. The greater part of them had for weapons, pitchforks, rakes, flails, and other agricultural instruments; or pointed stakes hardened into an iron strength by fire. Before the action, Spartacus harangued his men: "Comrades," said he, "we are entering into not merely a single battle, but a long war. We must behave ourselves as true soldiers. A first success will be the sure promise of a train of other successes which will follow it. We must live upon continual victories, or become the victims of an infamous and torturing death," &c.

The Roman Legions were routed, Varinius, thrown from his horse, hardly escaped; his war-horse, his arms, his purple *toga*, his lictors, and *fasces*, all the emblems of his dignity, fell into the hands of the victor. With these ensigns of authority, Spartacus, the slave, the champion of liberty, and the hero, was afterwards, not very consistently, accustomed to robe himself. By his victory all the lower part of Lucania was open to him. He first established his quarters at Metapontum, a city said to have been built by Nestor, at the time of the Trojan war, and subsequently at Thurium, built originally by a colony of Athenians, and of which the ruins even yet may be seen on the Gulf of Tarentum; *Toriano* is its present name. In this latter place he endeavored, with some success, to

make his army amenable to discipline; and as they were now living not only in abundance but superabundance of all necessary provisions, lest his hardy warriors should become effeminated by luxury, he enforced a regulation by which money of every kind was excluded from the camp. It was made a high crime to be in possession of the circulating coin. He himself gave away all the gold and silver he possessed to the poor and to those who had suffered by the war, and many of his generals followed his example.

Varinius had now got another army on foot. Despairing of dislodging his enemy from Thurium, he contented himself at first with watching his movements from his fortified camp, and engaging from time to time in partial encounters. But the snows beginning to fall upon the mountains, he perceived that he could no longer keep the open field, and was obliged to come to a decisive action.

Spartacus, desiring not to attack, but to be attacked, made a movement in retreat. This had the effect aimed at. The Roman army advanced with confidence. Somewhat disappointed they were, however, when they saw those whom they had regarded as fugitives drawn up in in battle array, and a moment afterwards moving forward with shouts, as if victory were already theirs. The first attack on the Romans was by Crixus, who had been placed at the head of his Gauls in ambush, in the deep bed of a dried-up torrent. Issuing therefrom suddenly, he fell upon a Roman division with boldness and with success. Varinius coming to the support of this division, the action became general, and the defeat of the legions complete. Thus ended the first campaign of the war of Spartacus.

Its results to the insurgents had been immensely advantageous. In the course of a few months, from seventy thousand experienced warriors. And this was altogether owing to the merit of the extraordinary man at their head. He had been victorious in three pitched battles, in two obstinate and bloody engagements, and in several smaller combats, without being once defeated. None of his plans had failed. He was now master of nearly all the south of Italy, his resources were great; his army in fine condition; and he was ready for a second campaign with every hope of success. Yet was he well aware, that one battle lost would make twenty victories useless. It was his design, therefore, to retreat with his army to Sicily, or to get into the Alps. From the difficulty of finding conveyance by water he was obliged to determine on the latter project. In this, however, he was opposed by Crixus and his Gauls, who were, like wild braves, for marching straight upon Rome. They separated with their leader, to the number of thirty thousand, from Spartacus, encountered the Roman army, under the Praetor Arrius, on the frontiers of the Samnite country, and gained a great victory. In a few days afterwards, Crixus and his Gauls were attacked by the Consul Gellius. At the moment of the attack, the insurgent leader was plunged in a deep debauch, and all his faculties lost in drunkenness. His army was utterly destroyed, and himself slain. It was in this action that Cato, afterwards so famous, but then a young volunteer, first distinguished himself.

Rome was at present fully roused out of her contempt for the power of Spartacus. She sent her two consuls, Lentulus and Gellius, with two separate armies to oppose him, and made preparations for sustaining the war, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal had been her enemy.

Meantime the hero against whom all these preparations were directed, had, by forced marches, advanced as far as that part of the Apennines which traverses Etruria, not far from the Arno. The Consul Lentulus first came up with him, and his object was to bring that general into action before he could be joined by Gellius. Lentulus, however, would not be drawn into an engagement. A junction of the two Roman armies became inevitable; separately, however, Spartacus was resolved to attack them. For this purpose he detached a corps of Thracians from his main body to cut down trees, and thus block up the road over which Gellius must pass. The Thracians had also in charge to attack the arriving army, yet not so as to get seriously engaged, but sufficiently only to amuse and detain the enemy. These dispositions being made, Spartacus again offered battle to Lentulus, and the latter knowing that his colleague was in the immediate neighborhood, no longer declined the provocation. An action ensued, in which the Romans were thoroughly beaten, while expecting and relying upon aid from an army of their countrymen, almost within sight of their defeat. Hastening from this scene of triumph, Spartacus joined his Thracians, and convinced the astonished Gellius of the overthrow of his brother Consul by inflicting, within the space of half an hour, the same humiliation on himself. Here were two great victories gained, not only the same day, but within a few hours of each other, over the picked troops of Rome, headed by distinguished generals. Neither the taking of three enemy's camps by Cæsar thirty years later, nor the double victory by sea and by land of Cimon, were more brilliant than this achievement. Throughout Italy Spartacus got, from henceforward, the name of the Second Hannibal.

Between this new Hannibal, as he was called, and the Alps there were only now the two Roman armies, ten thousand strong each, under the command of Cn. Manlius, the Praetor, and E. Cassius, Proconsul. This force occupied the road to the Alps which traverses Modena. The obstacle it opposed to the march of Spartacus was overcome by another victory. Master now of all the open country of Italy, and having subdued so many formidable armies, he changed his plan and decided to march upon Rome. The road was free to him. His own force had increased to more than a hundred and twenty thousand picked soldiers. Multitudes who offered to enlist themselves under his banners were sent away. None but chosen men, robust, courageous, and intelligent, were suffered to follow his standard. In order to accelerate his advance, all superfluous baggage was burnt, the prisoners massacred, and all the beasts of burden that could be dispensed with, killed.

The senate and people of Rome, in the utmost consternation, sent Arrius, who had commanded the rear guard of Gellius' army, to arrest the progress of Spartacus. Arrius had under him a force at least sixty thousand strong, besides what remained of the legions of the two consuls. He was encountered by Spartacus at Picenum, not far from Ancona. And here another battle took place, of the details of which Roman historians give no information; but its result was the utter destruction of the Roman army.

It is surprising that after this victory Spartacus abandoned his project upon Rome, though he might, at the moment of panic, have executed it almost without impediment. It had, however, never been one from which he had hoped the realization of a complete success, and a transient triumph, however brilliant, was not what he aimed at. Just at this juncture, he received intelligence that he might effect his passage into Sicily by engaging the pirates who infested the Italian and Sicilian coasts to furnish him with boats. That island was then governed by Verres, rendered immortally infamous by the eloquence of Cicero; its inhabitants were all ripe for insurrection; Spartacus foresaw if he could once reach this refuge, he might be able to establish there a permanent government, and place himself at its head. He would have the means too of organizing a powerful fleet, and thus have become a thousand times more formidable to Rome, and more independent, secure, great, and free for the execution of whatever ambitious designs he might contemplate, than he ever could be at the head of wild unmanageable multitudes, who depended upon daily victories for existence, and whose defeat, in a single instance, would have been utter destruction, nothing being realizable between the two alternatives.

The change of the enemy's plans gave the senate of Rome time to recover from their consternation. Crassus, then the richest and most popular man of the republic, was sent with an army about two hundred thousand strong against the terrible foe. He began his expedition by a shocking act of severity. Attributing the repeated discomfitures of the Roman legions to the luxurious habits and effeminacy introduced among them by Sylla, he revived an old law of the sternest cruelty, by which every man who showed the least vacillation of courage in action was condemned to be beaten to death with bludgeons; and his lieutenant having a few days previously been routed with all his division, by Spartacus, four thousand of his men perished by the sentence of a court martial in this way, and the rest, deprived of their arms and uniforms, were made the scavengers of the camp.

Meantime, Spartacus had advanced within sight of the coast of Sicily, but he found himself deceived by the pirates: they had taken his money, but thought not of fulfilling their engagements. His army was encamped by the forest of Sila; and here Crassus found him. The hostile forces were in sight of each other, but neither were inclined to risk an action. During the long suspense of fortune which took place, Crassus determined to employ his vast army, whom he feared to leave idle, in one of those gigantic works, which are peculiar to Roman genius. He resolved to surround the enemy's position on the land side by profound ditches, walls, and pit-holes, so that he should be completely shut in; whilst by sea the Roman fleet would shortly cut him off from all resources. The stupendous work, occupying an extensive circuit, and employing daily near an hundred thousand hands, was nearly completed before its design was discovered. Spartacus became aware of his danger only when he found himself in the net, and his extrication most difficult. By dint, however, of constantly harassing the Roman troops, and drawing their attention towards a point the farthest from that through which he was bent upon opening a passage for his army, he at last succeeded. He marched one night with the greater part of his force out of the camp, and reached the Roman works at a spot where they were not finished. So impassable were the ditches which had been dug, from their depth and breadth, that it appeared vain to attempt to advance further. Fortunately, the night was stormy, and a heavy fall of snow prevented the tread of feet being heard. The movements of Spartacus and his men were consequently undiscovered. They began by endeavoring to fill the ditches with earth and snow, and heavy bundles of wood, but of these not having enough, they flung in all the dead bodies that could be found, and killed beasts of burden to throw in likewise. By this means they at last marched over carcases into the free country; those whom they had left behind them in the camp followed them gradually; and Crassus, when in the morning he found the enemy gone, was so alarmed, that he sent despatches to the senate, informing them of the fact, and telling them to prepare for the advance of Spartacus on Rome, the high-road to the capital being again open to him.

That hero had not yet, however, given up his project on Sicily; he therefore remained in Lucania. Besides, division had broken out among his generals, which greatly weakened him. The Gauls had again separated from him, and were shortly after discomfited, in a most bloody battle, by Crassus. This disaster, it is true, was subsequently repaired, by a victory of Spartacus over Crassus himself, near Chbanum; yet he became aware, that as the whole power of Rome was now roused, and all her resources would be brought into play against him, he had no time to lose, but must strike a decided blow to renew and increase his superiority, or must daily diminish in the estimation of his army and of Italy, in which his great strength resided. He was anxious, therefore, for a crowning battle. Crassus also wished to draw one on. Pompey had been sent for from Spain to supersede him in his command, and he was not willing that the laurels of the campaign should be snatched from him by a rival.

In these dispositions of their chiefs, the armies met on the banks of the river Silarus, not far from the bay of Paestum. Spartacus, when he had drawn up his men in order of battle, addressed them in a brief and spirit-stirring harangue. In order to impress them deeply with the fate that awaited them, should they be vanquished, he had a prisoner of war nailed to a cross, on a height, so that his agonies might be conspicuously seen by the whole force. He then had his horse led out and killed it in presence of the assembled troops. "It is my resolve," said he, "to share in all your perils. I will have no advantage over you. If we are conquered, I shall need a horse no more—if conquerors, I shall get horses in abundance from the enemy."

The signal for the attack immediately followed these words. He was himself the first at the head of his most chosen corps, engaged hand to hand with the enemy. The battle instantly became general at all points. The shock and the carnage were terrific; but victory was evidently inclining towards the insurgents, when Spartacus received a deep wound on the thigh. Supported on one knee, he still, however, with his buckler and his sword, defended himself, and dealt fiercely on his assailants, cheering on his men all the while. In this situation he was slain. His men, notwithstanding, maintained the fight, not with the hope of victory, but to sell their lives dear. They were at last overcome. Thirty thousand of their bodies were found dead on the field and not one of them, as Sallust observes, had a wound behind. The Romans lost 20,000 men, and had as many wounded. Three thousand Roman prisoners were found in the insurgent camp, which argues humanity on the part of Spartacus; for he and his followers had been put by the senate out of the pale of quarter. Every man of the six thousand taken by Crassus on this occasion were nailed to crosses, at certain distances from each other, along the highway on either side of it, and the Roman legions then marched between them, to gaze upon them whilst agonizing in their long tortures.

THE AUTUMN BREEZE.

Thou bearest the scent of the dying flowers,
Thou wanderer wild and free;
Thou dost come from thy revelry mid the leaves
Of the hoary forest tree;
Thou hast been where the flowers that are brightest fade,
Where the leaves that were greenest fall;
And thou tellest the hues from the flowers have passed,
And the blighter has touched them all.

Thou art grieving mournfully, oh! thou wind,
A sorrowful train is thine,
Thou bringest the sweets of the fading rose
And the Autumn's broken vine;
The purple violet's fading flower
Hath a farewell sweet for thee,
Thou doth come with the knell of the parting year,
Yet thou hast a joy for me.

I love thee well, oh! thou mourning breeze,
Thou art so like my heart,
For it oft doth grieve as the sunny hues
From Life's young flowers depart;
And a music thou hast, thou gentle wind—
A deeply murmuring tone,
Thou dost breathe to thy harp, and its farewell strain
Is in cadence with thine own.

Thou dost whisper to me of the sunny past,
When the spring-time flowers were gay,
Thou dost tell me of all things that by thy path
Have faded from earth away.
And I know when I list to thy plaintive strain,
That my heart is like to these,
For thou tellest the heart it hath vernal time,
Oh! thou mourning autumn breeze.

Tioga Phenix. M. E. J.

A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

Alone I walked the ocean strand
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast:
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will shortly be
With every mark on Earth from me!
A wave of dark Oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place,
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of Time, and been to be no more,
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in his hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name.
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

From the Portland Advertiser.

Letters from Mr. Brooks.—No. XCIV.

THINGS IN TUSCANY.

Leghorn, December 2, 1835.

I passed from the beautiful leaning tower of Pisa, which, happily for Pisa, and the fame of the architect who built it, sunk a little in the earth in the building, as it is thus preeminently distinguished from any thing else on earth, it being very unlike the leaning towers of Bologna—I passed from this to the Cathedral, which is but a few steps off. Its form is a Latin cross, the distinction between which and a Greek cross, all of your readers may not know, is, that in a Greek cross, all the *prongs*, if I may use this droll word in such a case, are equally long. It is not worth the while, after the many accounts I have given of cathedrals, to enter into particulars concerning this, further than to say that it is one of the most beautiful of the kind, with a dome arising from the centre, supported by columns and arches, and adorned by pediments, pinnacles and statues. The church contains 162 columns of the richest marble, some of oriental granite, but what is remarkable in them is their dissimilarity, as many of them are of the relics of former temples of Greece and Rome; some fluted, some plain, some twisted, some spiral—all of different orders and of different hues; white, brocatello, granite, and porphyry. Three bronze doors designed by the famous John of Bologna, are most beautifully wrought. The one in the centre represents the incidents in the life of the Madonna,—the other two the life of the Savior; and they are further adorned with fruits, festoons, and flowers, birds and beasts. The six carved columns that enclose the doors are by some deemed Grecian, and by others, Egyptian. Fronting the leaning tower is a bronze door, curiously sculptured, and the ornaments are sufficiently distinct and free from corrosion, though now exposed to the weather since the year 1184. The cathedral has been termed a Greco-Arabo Pisano structure, in order to give an idea of a style of architecture, which mingles with it a little of all strange orders. The Pisans consecrated their plunder, gained in an expedition against the Saracens of Palermo, in 1063, to its erection, which was finished before the end of the 11th century.

The Baptistery is not far from the Cathedral, for the Belfry, which is the leaning tower, and the Baptistery are often three buildings on the continent instead of being in one, as with us and the English. The Baptistery is called a German Gothic structure, and is an octagon of white marble, the inside of the edifice resembling an ancient temple. The Font is an immense octagon vase, containing four basins for the immersion of infants, and a central one sufficiently large for adults. It is elevated on three steps of beautiful marble, and is adorned with intagli and mosaics. The pulpit is supported by nine columns of precious marble, and ornamented with bassi relievi formed out of oriental alabaster. This Baptistery was finished in 1153, when a florin from every family of the 150,000 inhabitants of that day, was the sufficient contribution to erect such an edifice.

The Campo Santo or Cemetery, is another structure in this group, making one more than the number that commonly surrounds a church. The history of this burial ground is curious enough. In the twelfth century when the crusade was raging, an Italian architect whose name was Lanfranci, and cotemporary with the English Richard of the lion heart, freighted fifty galleys with the earth of Mount Calvary, and deposited it upon the spot round which the arcades of the Campo Santo are erected, prompted as well by the superstition of the day, as by the belief that this earth had the power of destroying every corpse deposited in it in 48 hours. Around this earth stands a vast rectangle, surrounded by sixty-two light and elegant Gothic arcades of the Greco Arabic school, which are composed of white marble and paved with the same material. Around and within these walls are fresco paintings chiefly scriptural, but some are from Dante. The Triumph of Death is represented among them, and as it was painted by an artist before the art of coloring, perspective, or *chiaro oscuro*, was known, one can learn from it something of the history of art, as well as amuse himself with the fancy of the artist. Death stands in the picture elevated upon a heap of dead clad in mail—with cloven feet—with wings—and with a scythe that is mowing down Kings, Queens, Warriors, Governors, and Priests; and demons innumerable are there, with lions' heads, goat's feet, and serpents' tails—some plunging their victims into the fiery gulf, some bound upon their bristly backs, some clinging to the devils' legs, and some biting them in despair, to make them loose their hold. The angels of course are succoring the happy souls, who are bound upon another road. A hell is also drawn, in which the lascivious are whipped, and condemned to the nauseous embrace of devils; where the avaricious have liquid gold poured down their throats, and are tantalized by the perpetual chinking of money bags tossed about by little imps; where the passionate are linked together, with twining serpents to irritate them to tear each other to pieces; where the gluttonous are tempted with the choicest fruits and most luxurious viands, but demons ever frustrate their even touching the tables; where the envious are immersed and frozen in perpetual ice; the slothful condemned to move about by devils brandishing pitchforks, with which the devils are sure to stick them, if they do not move as fast there; where the proud walk with their heads off; and the false prophets who pretended to see the future, cannot even see the present for the serpents that twist about their eyes. Mahomet is there, and the great devil of all has King Herod griped between his legs! Within the cloisters are about 800 works of art in sculptures, bassi-relievi, columns, busts, urns, vases, sarcophagi, &c. &c., ancient Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Etruscan and modern.

It will not be worth while to extend this letter to describe the churches here, and the numerous paintings in them, nor the once far-famed University of Pisa now shorn of its glory,—nor the Botanic Garden, which claims to be the first established in the world:—and therefore I will begin to hasten off to Leghorn, which is but at the distance of about fourteen miles. What little of life there is left of Pisa is on its quays. The most remarkable sight I saw there, was a quack doctor extolling in Tuscan eloquence the merits of his medicines from the top of his wagon, with a large crowd around him—now and then dealing out a panacea, and now and then hauling out a tooth, while he talked all the time with an accent and an emphasis that only a Cicero would be enabled to use in defending the State against a Catiline.

Pisa is the city where the unhappy victims of that dire disease, the consumption, resort to try its air, to see if it will restore their lungs. Its climate in winter is said to be one of the best in Europe. Florence is too near the Appenines, and therefore too cold. Rome is too near the mountains too, and too cold, too uncertain and too damp. Naples is too near the sea, and too much exposed to its changes. Pisa is, therefore, probably the best station for him or her who believes a change of air necessary for the preservation of life. Living is cheap. Rents are low. The markets are good, &c. But in Italy it seems to me that the people die by inches for want of wood, which is enormously dear, and very scarce. It makes one shiver even when well wrapped up in his cloak, to see them with their feet in bags, and their hands over a little pot of coals. I wish I could send them a township of land in Maine, where they often burn the trees for the purpose of selling the ashes at ten or twelve cents a bushel.

Leghorn, they call Livorno in Italian, and it is one of those cities, that a man wants to be out of as soon as he is in it. If I were to be asked what was to be seen here, I should say nothing, nothing, and a hundred times worse than nothing. It is a commercial city full of Jews, and they speak here a little of all the languages under the sun. The cholera has just finished its ravages here, and it is a wonder that it left a soul, so shut up are the inhabitants in dirty narrow streets, within the city walls. Five days have I been waiting here for a steamboat, advertised to go to Genoa five days ago, advertised to with the announcement "that she will positively sail." An Englishman who is with me, and I myself raged and railed, as much as one is in duty bound in such a case, till a Frenchman put us in good humor again by saying, "You are not in England nor in the United States; you must recollect that you are in Italy, where you must never be in a hurry, and must wait not only till every petty government is willing to let a steamboat come and go, but even till they are ready to go themselves." That we were not in England nor America we readily saw, and a thousand times we had learnt that the people of Italy had no idea of the value of time,—and thus we consoled ourselves as well as we could by watching for the steamboats in the morning, and going to bed a little after sunset in the evening. I amused myself for hours in sitting down by the gates of the city, and seeing women smuggle within the walls, and by the Custom House at the gates, loaves of bread, and bottles of wine, and fish. Happily dressed women for such a purpose, and with what monstrous gowns! I sailed about the shipping in the harbor, and gladdened my eyes with the American flag, which is the most joyous of sights to an American in a strange land. I found a brig from an Eastern town of my own State, in which the adventurous captain, with his cargo for speculation, had brought a pretty wife, who was above all price. Her portrait had been taken by an *Italian* artist, and while her husband was extolling its likeness, as in duty bound, her own sharper eye told her it was no likeness at all, and at least she suspected it was but a sorry daub. But nevertheless it was by an Italian artist, and for some reason or other, I don't know why, we have a habit of fancying that whatever comes from abroad must be particularly fine. The portrait was not worth the wood it was painted upon, and the husband had been wretchedly imposed upon by some vile Italian dauber, but nevertheless it was of Tuscan workmanship, and painted in this land of the arts. The husband had been boasting to me of the manner in which he had brought the Tuscans to terms in the selling of his cargo to the best advantage, but when I saw the portrait, I thought that in this case at least the Tuscan had got the better of the Yankee, and that each one was always the greatest in his own trade. My English friend in these water excursions with me, run a risk that was near putting him in the Lazaretto for some twenty days. Ships that are under quarantine are marked on their sterns and bows, and yet are side by side and almost touch ships that are not quarantined at all. To ascend the sides of a ship with me he entered the long boat of another vessel that was near. No sooner was his foot upon it than all the people on board commenced such a cry as only a dozen demons could make, lifting up their hands in horror as it were, and screaming to him to go back. He thought it was but mockery, and with English hardihood and impudence he held on to his footing, till the officer in charge of the vessel appeared, and told him that the Lazaretto was now his place, for he was on board a vessel that was quarantined! This word Lazaretto frightened him more than a dozen Plagues probably would, and he leaped back in terror, demanding what on earth he could do to save himself from such a Hell on earth. A fee saved him, which he paid with pleasure, and whenever afterwards we saw a vessel marked as in quarantine, we shunned its sides with a shivering.

The hotel at which we stopped in Leghorn was the Europa, the landlord of which speaks Italian, French, and English, in a manner remarkable for an uneducated man. He amused me often by his knowledge of little American peculiarities. The ordinary egg cups of his household, for example, he turned aside for wine glasses, because as he said, when my English companion demanded the others, that he thought he was pleasing us Americans, taking him for an American, by giving us the wine cups that the Americans usually demand. This was a new piece of a peculiarity to me, which I had never marked in my own land. "Why did you think we were Americans?" I asked, "for I have not told you." "Oh," he replied, "you see that chair that is broken. I never had an American in my house that did not break a chair by sitting in it when it was solely supported by two legs." I acquitted myself of this sin, for the Englishman broke the chair, and I laughed at him merrily on account of the mistake. This peculiarity is American. Our first college lesson is to sit with our feet higher than our heads, in a manner that but few European chairs can stand. In our hotels often, you will see whole rows of spots upon a wall that greasy heads have dotted, and you can trace the chairs all along its sides by indentations they have made in the floor. It was funny enough to see a hotel keeper thus far off distinguishing an American by the breaking of his chairs. The Englishman says I taught him the lesson, and nothing is more probable, for really I do think it is one of the most comfortable things in the world to make a bed of a chair. I always envy the happiness of a man when I see him sprawling over six chairs.

Adieu to Leghorn. As Leghorn has no arts, and nothing but shops, you will pardon my tattle about the town, for when a wandering writer as I am can see no statues, he must see manners and men. Out of the walls is the English Protestant burying ground, where a few of our own countrymen lie, the victims of consumption at Pisa, as their tomb stones tell. This with the procession in thanks for the cessation of the cholera, is all I have seen of note. These processions are now common in the towns of Tuscany. The Cathedral of Pisa was filled with a crowd the day I was there, of peasants, men, women and girls, who were crowding to the altars, with huge wax candles in their hands, as presents to the Madonna who had heard their prayers, and sent the raging pestilence away. The Madonna is an image of worship quite unknown in the religion with which I was trained, and the use of wax candles to light up her altar is what I cannot comprehend; but nevertheless, I cannot witness even this form of religion, and this universal thankfulness of a whole people thus expressed, without being impressed by and sharing in its solemnity. I have no wish to ridicule or to laugh at what I see, and if I was a Tuscan, and had a candle, I am quite sure I should give it too, for it is but a form, and if as a form, it inspires the people with religious sentiment, I do not know why one who does not even see its

use may not join in furthering it for a moral purpose. Happy the people, whose education is so clear and whose prejudices are so few, that they can approach and reverence the Deity without forms, but such a people—I know not where they are found.

Adieu to Leghorn again. The long expected steamboat has come, and I am off in her to-night for Genoa. B.

FAREWELL.—BY L. E. L.

You will forget me; as the wild wind passes,
With but a moment's breathing on its wings
Of the soft life in the long summer grasses—
Of the deep music from the forest springs.
They perish as they welcome the new-comer;
The odors leave the grass—the song the brook—
The wind that brought will bear away the summer,
Unheeding the sweet world its presence shook.

Even so carelessly didst thou awaken
The new existence of a conscious heart;
Even so carelessly am I forsaken;
Not only with thyself have I to part,
But thou dost take with thee the hues Elysian,
Which brighten'd in thy presence: life has lost,
In losing thee, the presence of the vision,
Which, like an angel's, lit the path it cross'd.

It matters not. Fate is beside us ever,
With gradual but inevitable doom,
And mocks the struggling spirit's vain endeavor,
For soon or late the heart is in its tomb.
You will forget me; nay, I am not praying
For but a moment's single thought from thee.
Ah! what availeth Memory's delaying
Fondly, where hope again can never be.

From Mr. Irving's new work, 'Astoria.'

BLACKBIRD, THE OMAHA CHIEF.

On the 10th of May, the party arrived at the Omaha village, (pronounced Omawhaw,) about eight hundred and thirty miles above the mouth of the Missouri, and encamped in its neighborhood. The village was situated under a hill on the bank of the river, and consisted of about eighty lodges.—These were of a circular and conical form, and about sixteen feet in diameter; being mere tents of buffalo skins sewed together, and stretched on long poles inclining toward each other so as to cross at about half their height. Thus the naked poles diverge in such a manner that, if they were covered with skins like the lower ends, the tent would be shaped like an hour-glass, and present the appearance of one cone inverted on the apex of another.

The forms of Indian lodges are worthy of attention, each tribe having a different mode of shaping and arranging them, so that it is easy to tell, on seeing a lodge or an encampment at a distance, to what tribe the inhabitants belong. The exterior of the Omaha have often a gay and fanciful appearance, painted with undulating bands of red and yellow, or decorated with rude figures of horses, deer, and buffaloes, and with human faces, painted like full moons, four or five feet broad.

The Omahas were once one of the numerous and powerful tribes of the prairies, vieing in warlike might and prowess with the Sioux, the Pawnees, the Sauks, the Konzas, and the Ietans. Their wars with the Sioux, however, had thinned their ranks, and the small pox in 1802 had swept off two-thirds of their number. At the time of Mr. Hunt's visit, they still boasted about two hundred warriors and hunters, but they are now fast melting away, and before long will be numbered among those extinguished nations of the West that exist but in tradition.

In his correspondence with Mr. Astor, from this point of his journey, Mr. Hunt gives a sad account of the Indian tribes bordering on the river. They were in continual war with each other, and their wars were of the most harassing kind; consisting not merely of main conflicts and expeditions of moment, involving the sacking, burning and massacre of towns and villages, but of individual acts of treachery, murder, and cold-blooded cruelty; or of vaunting and foolhardy exploits of single warriors, either to avenge some personal wrong or gain the vainglorious trophy of a scalp. The lonely hunter, the wandering wayfarer, the poor squaw cutting wood or gathering corn, was liable to be surprised and slaughtered. In this way, tribes were either swept away at once or gradually thinned out, and a savage life was surrounded with constant horrors and alarms. That the race of red men should diminish from year to year, and so few should survive of the numerous nations which evidently once peopled the vast regions of the West, is nothing surprising: it is rather a matter of surprise that so many should survive. —for the existence of a savage in these parts seems little better than a prolonged and all-besetting death. It is, in fact, a caricature of the boasted romance of feudal times—chivalry in its native and uncultured state, and knight-errantry run wild.

In their more prosperous days, the Omahas looked upon themselves as the most powerful and perfect of human beings, and considered all created things as made for their peculiar use and benefit. It is this tribe of whose chief, the famous Wash-ing-gub-sah-ba, or Blackbird, such savage and romantic stories are told. He had died about ten years previous to the arrival of Mr. Hunt's party, but his name was still mentioned with awe by his people. He was one of the first among the Indian chiefs on the Missouri to deal with the white traders, and showed great sagacity in levying his royal dues. When a trader arrived in his village, Blackbird caused all his goods to be brought into his lodge and opened. From these he selected whatever suited his sovereign pleasure—blankets, tobacco, whiskey, powder, ball, beads, and red paint—and laid the articles on one side, without deigning to give any compensation. Then, calling to him his herald or crier, he would order him to mount on the top of the lodge, and summon all the tribe to bring in their peltries and trade with the white man. The lodge would soon be crowded with Indians, bringing bear, beaver, otter and other skins. No one was allowed to dispute the prices fixed by the white trader upon his articles, who took care to indemnify himself five times over for the goods set apart by the chief. In this way the Blackbird enriched himself, and enriched the white men, and became exceedingly popular among the traders of the Missouri.

His people, however, were not equally satisfied by a regulation of trade which worked so manifestly against them, and began to show signs of discontent. Upon this, a crafty and unprincipled trader revealed a secret to the Blackbird, by which he might acquire unbounded sway over his ignorant and superstitious subjects. He instructed him in the poisonous qualities of arsenic, and furnished him an ample supply of that baneful drug. From this time the Blackbird seemed endowed with supernatural powers—to possess the gift of prophecy—and to hold the disposal of life and death within his hands. Wo to any one who questioned his authority, or dared to dispute his commands! The Blackbird prophesied his death within a certain time, and he had the secret means of verifying his prophecy. Within the fatal period, the offender was smitten with strange and sudden disease, and perished from the face of the earth. Every one stood aghast at these multiplied examples of his superhuman might, and dreaded to displease so omnipotent and vindictive a being: and the Blackbird enjoyed a wide and undisputed sway.

It was not, however, by terror alone that he ruled his people; he was a warrior of the first order, and his exploits in arms were the theme of young and old. His career had begun by hardships, having been taken prisoner in early youth. Under his command, the Omahas obtained great character for military prowess, nor did he permit an insult or injury to one of his tribe to pass unrevenged. The Pawnee republicans had inflicted a gross indignity on a favorite and distinguished Omaha brave. The Blackbird assembled his warriors, led them against the Pawnee town, attacked it with irresistible fury, slaughtered a great number of its inhabitants, and burnt it to the ground. He waged fierce and bloody war against the Ottoes for many years, until peace was effected between them by the mediation of the whites. Fearless in battle, and fond of signalizing himself, he dazzled his followers by his daring acts.

In attacking a Kanza village, he rode singly round it, loading and discharging his rifle at the inhabitants as he galloped past them. He kept up in war the same idea of mysterious and supernatural power. At one time, when pursuing a war party by their tracks across the prairies, he repeatedly discharged his rifle into the prints made by their feet and by the hoofs of their horses, assuring his followers that he would thereby cripple the fugitives, so that they would easily be overtaken. He in fact did overtake them, and destroyed them almost to a man; and his victory was considered miraculous, both by friend and foe. By these and similar exploits he made himself the pride and boast of his people, and became popular among them, notwithstanding his death-denouncing fiat. With all his savage and terrific qualities, he was sensible of the power of female beauty, and capable of love. A war party of the Poncas had made a foray into the land of the Omahas, and carried off a number of women and horses. The Blackbird was roused to fury, and took the field with all his braves, swearing to "eat up the Ponca nation,"—the Indian threat of exterminating war. The Poncas, sorely pressed, took refuge behind a bulwark of earth; but the Blackbird kept up so galling a fire, that he seemed likely to execute his menace. In their extremity they sent forth a herald, bearing a calumet or pipe of peace, but he was shot down by order of the Blackbird. Another herald was sent forth in similar guise, but he shared the same fate. The Ponca chief then, as a last hope, arrayed his beautiful daughter in her finest ornaments and sent her forth with a calumet, to sue for peace. The charms of the Indian maid touched the stern heart of the Blackbird; he accepted the pipe at her hand, smoked it, and from that time a peace took place between the Poncas and the Omahas.

This beautiful damsel, in all probability, was the favorite wife whose fate makes so tragic an incident in the story of the Blackbird. Her youth and beauty had gained an absolute sway over his rugged heart, so that he distinguished her above all his other wives. The habitual gratification of his vindictive impulses, however, had taken away from him all mastery over his passions, and rendered him liable to the most furious transports of rage. In one of these his beautiful wife had the misfortune to offend him, when suddenly drawing his knife he laid her dead at his feet with a single blow.

In an instant his frenzy was at an end. He gazed for a time in mute bewilderment upon his victim; then drawing his buffalo robe over his head, he sat down beside the corpse, and remained brooding over his crime and loss. Three days elapsed, yet the chief continued silent and motionless; tasting no food, and apparently sleepless. It was apprehended that he intended to starve himself to death; his people approached him in trembling awe, and entreated him once more to uncover his face, and be comforted; but he remained unmoved. At length one of his warriors brought in a small child, and laying it on the ground, placed the foot of the Blackbird upon its neck. The heart of the gloomy savage was touched by this appeal; he threw aside his robe; made a harangue upon what he had done; and from that time forward, seemed to have thrown the load of grief and remorse from his mind.

He still retained his fatal and mysterious secret, and with it his terrific power; but, though able to deal death to his enemies, he could not avert it from himself or his friends. In 1802 the small pox, that dreadful pestilence, which swept over the land like a fire over the prairies, made its appearance in the village of the Omahas. The poor savages saw with dismay the ravages of a malady, loathsome and agonizing in its details, and which set the skill and experience of their conjurors and medicine men at defiance. In a little while, two-thirds of the population were swept from the face of the earth, and the doom of the rest seemed sealed. The stoicism of the warriors was at an end; they became wild and desperate; some set fire to the village as a means of checking the pestilence; others, in a frenzy of despair, put their wives and children to death, that they might be spared the agony of an inevitable disease, and that they might all go to some better country.

When the general horror and dismay was at its height, the Blackbird himself was struck down with the malady. The poor savages, when they saw their chief in danger, forgot their own miseries, and surrounded his dying bed. His dominant spirit, and his love for the white men, were evinced in his latest breath, with which he designated his place of sepulture. It was to be on a hill or promontory, upward of four hundred feet in height, overlooking a great extent of the Missouri, from whence he had been accustomed to watch for the barks of the white men. The Missouri washes the base of the promontory, and after winding and doubling in many links and mazes in the plain below, returns to within 900 yards of its starting place; so that for thirty miles navigating with sail and oar, the voyager finds himself continually near to this singular promontory, as if spell-bound.

It was the dying command of the Blackbird, that his tomb should be upon the summit of this hill, in which he should be interred, seated on his favorite horse, that he might overlook his ancient dominion, and behold the barks of the white men as they came up the river to trade with his people.

His dying orders were faithfully obeyed. His corpse was placed astride of his war steed, and a mound raised over them on the summit of the hill. On the top of the mound was erected a staff, from which fluttered the banner of the chieftain, and the scalps that he had taken in battle. When the expedition under Mr. Hunt visited that part of the country, the staff still remained with the fragments of the banner, and the superstitious rite of placing food from time to time on the mound, for the use of the deceased, was still observed by the Omahas. That rite has since fallen into disuse, for the tribe itself is almost extinct. Yet the hill of the Blackbird still continues an object of veneration to the wandering savage, and a landmark to the voyager of the Missouri; and as the civilized traveller comes within sight of its spell-bound crest, the mound is pointed out to him from afar which still encloses the grim skeletons of the Indian warrior and his horse.

High Life Below Stairs.—The Boston Transcript tells us of a gentleman in that city, whose wife one day, wishing to be absent from home, left her servant to get dinner for her husband—the three composing the entire family. At two o'clock the gentleman came to dinner. His night key opened the street door, and he passed into the parlor. The fire had run low, and wife had not returned.

He sat in sad civility. He read
With yearning stomach and perplexed head.

Half-past two came—but no wife, and no preparation for dinner—no cloth spread—no mustard—no salt—no nothing. At quarter less than three, he found himself in the store closet, appeasing his appetite with a bite of bread and cheese and a tumbler of porter, when anon the clock struck three, and on the instant the door bell rang. Wiping the porter from his lips, he run down to admit his wife, when, on opening the door, enter Mademoiselle, the housemaid. "Why Judy, where have you been at this time o'day, and I waiting for my dinner—and Mrs. B—gone out?" "Indade, Mr. B—, it was not my fault. The *dancing master* ought to have let us out at One, but he had some new scholars, and kept us later than I expected."

THE NEW-YORKER.
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1836.

The Presidency—The October Elections.—We offer no apology for devoting a larger space than is our custom to intelligence connected with the politics of the day. At this season, political considerations very properly assume a higher or at least more immediate importance in the minds of the great mass of readers than ordinarily, and it is our ambition to make our columns mirror and minister to the healthful tastes of the public. For one month ensuing, the pending Presidential Election will engross, to a considerable extent, the hopes and the fears of that very large proportion of our citizens who take a proper interest in the government and well-being of the country. As the crisis approaches, the party journals on either hand raise deafening shouts of triumph over the result of the several State Elections, with the view of inspiriting the mass of their respective parties with sanguine hopes of victory, and attracting to their standards the wavering, the indifferent, and the contemptible triflers with the right of suffrage who have no higher aspiration than to be found in the majority. That these statements are exaggerated on both sides is sufficiently notorious, even to those who may be influenced by them. But there are others who with nobler views and equal anxiety are anxiously scanning the signs of the times. For the benefit of these, then, we propose to offer some observations which cannot be so readily embodied in our remarks under the heads of the several States, and to answer the inquiry—What have been the actual results of the October elections, and what indications do they afford of the issue of the Presidential contest?—We begin with

Maryland—which gave a decided victory to the Whigs; by which we do not mean that the result was such as to settle the vote of the State in the coming struggle. Although the Whigs elected three-fourths of the House of Delegates, their aggregate majority, so far as data are afforded, but little exceeds 1,000. As, however, the strong-holds of their opponents were all polled to the utmost with the single exception of Frederick county, and as this is about the majority which has heretofore been given to the Anti-Jackson party in animated contests, it affords a strong probability that the State will vote for Gen. Harrison.

New-Jersey has elected a Legislature friendly to Mr. Van Buren, though the majority both in joint ballot and in the popular vote is materially reduced from that of last year.—There are no means of comparing fully the vote now given with that of 1834, when the Administration party had a clear aggregate majority of something over 1,000 votes. We see some Opposition prints are attempting to show that the Van Buren majority in the late contest was only about 300 votes. But nothing like this, or any thing definite, can be made out of the returns. In the great central county of Hunterdon, the tickets run as 'Caucus' and 'Anti-Caucus,' and the result proves nothing. A Whig Sheriff is indeed elected, but not exclusively by Whig votes. In Sussex and Warren, no regular opposition was made to the Van Buren tickets. In Cape May, none, we believe, to the Whig. In Essex and some other counties, hardly two-thirds of the votes were polled. A leading Whig states that the election of Sheriffs in Middlesex and Burlington lost the Legislature to his party. From the issue of a contest so conducted very little can be confidently inferred; but the fact that the Legislature elect is favorable to Mr. Van Buren must be taken as *prima facie* evidence that the chances for the Electoral vote are in his favor.

Pennsylvania comes next; and here the supporters of Mr. Van Buren have achieved a signal triumph. Seventeen to eleven Congressmen and an overwhelming majority of the members elect to both branches of the Legislature are the substantial trophies of the victory. The popular majority cannot be far from ten thousand. On such grounds, the claim of the victorious party to a further and certain triumph in November is by no means an unreasonable one. Still, there are grounds—we shall not say how valid—on which those who rally under the banner of Gen. Harrison resist this claim, and assert that November will tell a very different tale from that which is now resounding through the country. The first of these alleged is that the various parties in that State which unite on Harrison and Granger could not be brought to act together for local purposes. The strong Anti-Masonic measures of the last Legislature had displeased many. The recharter of the Bank had its opponents, not alone among the friends of Mr. Van Buren. The Apportionment (Gerrymandering) bill, highly exceptionable in itself, was rendered peculiarly obnoxious in certain counties, on which it operated unfavorably, &c. &c. It had already been given out by the friends of Gen. Harrison that he would receive 20,000 votes which would not be given to the 'Whig' and Anti-Masonic Congressional and Legislative tickets.—All these are very well as palliations of a defeat—and they are not without some share of plausibility; but we believe if the friends of Gen. Harrison in Pennsylvania do succeed in giving him the vote of that State, they will disappoint the expectations of a majority of their compatriots out of the State. It appears to us that their best ground of hope, superficially speaking, is found in the fact that the vote just given falls remarkably below that of preceding years. At the Governor's election in 1832, the aggregate vote was near 180,000; in 1834, (Congress) 185,000; in '35, (Governor) 200,000. Now, the vote taken will hardly exceed 150,000. If any considerable proportion of the 50,000 who staid at home were Harrison men who declined supporting the tickets as aforesaid, the confidence of ultimate success expressed by some of the journals on that side may not be entirely unfounded. We shall see. Meantime, the claim of the friends of Mr. Van Buren that Pennsylvania be set down in the list of States likely if not certain to vote for their candidate is a perfectly fair one.

Ohio, we cannot doubt, has given a triumph equally signal to the other side; and with the important difference that here the vote is an uncommonly full one. A Governor by a handsome majority, eleven to eight Members of Congress, and a majority in the Legislature, are the fruits of the victory. We do not yet learn that any extraneous considerations were brought to bear against the defeated party, except that an iniquitous Apportionment Bill, here as in Pennsylvania, was used to effect the overthrow of those who framed it.—Doubtless the diverse results in these two great States will serve to inspirit the defeated party in either, and render the Presidential contest more animated if not more doubtful than it otherwise would have been. On the whole, however, remembering that nearly all the freemen of Ohio have in the late contest expressed their opinions—that the victory appears to have been won mainly in the strength of Gen. Harrison's name, and that he is a citizen of the State—we can scarcely consider the ultimate issue in that State any longer a matter of interest or controversy.

Georgia remains to be considered. Here it seems that a part if not all the 'State Rights' Congressional ticket has succeeded—a result unprecedented since the formation of the existing parties, and quite unexpected, we are sure, to a vast majority at the North. Knowing that on the naked question the 'Union' party are strongly in the ascendant in Georgia, we cannot attribute this result to any other cause than the adverse operation of the Presidential contest.—Should this inference be correct, the success of the 'White Electoral Ticket is placed beyond question. The journals on that side modestly claim a majority of ten thousand, on which a liberal discount may safely be made. From the appeals which reach us in the journals of both parties to the 'Union White men,' as well as from instances falling more directly within our personal knowledge, we are assured that the class of politicians who deprecated the success of the State Rights' or Nullifiers' Congress ticket yet support the claims of Judge White must be by no means inconsiderable; and if the support of Mr. Van Buren has indeed resulted in the defeat of the hitherto triumphant Union party and of their present delegation in Congress, there can be little room for doubt as to a similar result in November.

Maryland.—No more of the Van Buren Electors of Senate have consented to qualify, and there is now no immediate prospect of a quorum. Messrs. Linthicum and Duvall, who were expected to recede from the ground they had taken, in consideration of the vote of their respective counties, have publicly disclaimed all intention of so doing. Meantime, the Whig Members continue in session, waiting the course of events. We do not see the end of this as yet.

Pennsylvania.—Our returns from this State are not yet complete, but they are sufficient to place the triumph of the friends of Mr. Van Buren beyond dispute. In hardly a single instance does this result appear to have been brought about by an accession of votes on their side, but by a falling off on that of their opponents. Thus, Montgomery County, which gave 3,700 to 3,000 two years since, now gives but 3,100 to 1,900; Franklin, which gave 1,600 to 2,300, now gives 1,800 to 1,700; Chester, which gave 3,500 to 4,100, now gives 33 to 34,000, &c. &c. Even the counties most closely contested exhibit a falling off in the aggregate vote. We believe the whole vote cast at this trial will stand about Van Buren 80,000, Harrison 70,000—a falling off of 40,000 since last year, and 30,000 less, we are confident, than will be cast in November. The friends of Mr. Van Buren have elected 70 out of 100 Delegates to the State Legislature, 7 of 8 Senators, and from 16 to 18 of 28 Members of Congress. The Congressional Districts not fully heard from are the Luzerne and Columbia, where the Harrison men support Mr. McReynolds, late a Jackson man, and the Erie and Crawford, where Mr. Dick (Harrison) leads Mr. Plumer (V. B.) by 300, but it is probable that the latter is elected. Aside from these, there are sixteen Van Buren and ten Harrison Members elected.

In the First District, Southwark, Mr. Paynter has beaten Dr. Sutherland by 494 votes. In the Second, Philadelphia city, Messrs. Sergeant and Toland, Harrison, are elected by 2,243 majority. In the Third, Northern Liberties and residue of Philadelphia County, Mr. Harper, V. B. has beaten Mr. Naylor by 93 votes. In the Fourth, Delaware, Chester, and Lancaster, Messrs. Davies, Potts and Darlington, Har. are elected by about 1,500. In the Fifth—Montgomery—Jacob Fry, V. B. is reelected by 1,200. In the Sixth—Bucks—Mathias Morris, Har. is reelected by 175. In the Seventh—Northampton, Pike, Wayne and Monroe—Mr. Wagener, V. B. is re-elected probably by 2,000 votes. In the Eighth—Schuylkill and Lehigh—Mr. Hubley, V. B. is re-elected by about 450. In the Ninth—Berks—Mr. Muhlenberg, V. B. is re-elected by 1,116. In the Tenth—Dauphin and Lebanon—Dr. Reily, supported by the friends of Mr. Van Buren, is elected by 161 votes. (He was a leading supporter of Mr. Clay in 1832.) The Harrison party claim to have a majority of 1,000 in this District. In the Eleventh—York—Col. Logan, V. B. is re-elected by 952 votes. In the Twelfth—Franklin and Adams—Judge Sheffer, V. B. has beaten Mr. M'Sherry by 94 majority to the utter astonishment of his opponents, who have heretofore had a majority of 12 or 1300 in the District, and who claim to be at least as strong, now, but who differed among themselves about Anti Masonry. In the Thirteenth—Cumberland, Perry and Juniata—Col. M'Clure, V. B. is elected by about 1,000—a fair fight, but a light poll, as elsewhere. In the Fourteenth—Mr. Potter, V. B. is elected by near 1,500—the opposing party having quarrelled, and made two nominations at the outset—abandoning one after the breach had become so wide that the friends of this were sure not to vote for the other. In the Fifteenth—Luzerne and Columbia—it is doubtful whether Dr. Petrikin, V. B. or Mr. M'Reynolds, supported by the Opposition and a split, is elected. We incline to the belief that the latter is chosen. The District, however, is Van Buren by at least 1,000. In the Sixteenth—Lycoming, Union, and Northumberland—Gen. Hammond, V. B. has beaten Mr. Greenough by about 1200—Northumberland giving him 500, but the V. B. Assemblymen only 73. Union County usually gives the Anti Masons 1,000 on a full vote—now 200 for Hammond. From the Seventeenth—Bradford, Tioga, &c.—we only hear that Susquehanna has given Judge Morris, V. B. 27 majority; and Bradford a small majority for his opponent. Tioga will doubtless give Morris 5 or 600, and elect him. In the Eighteenth—Bedford, Somerset and Cambria—it is conceded that Judge Ogle, Har. has thrown out Jab Mann, V. B. by a small majority—Somerset overbalancing Bedford; Cambria divided. In the Nineteenth—Westmoreland and Indiana—John Klingensmith, V. B. is re-elected by about 1,000. In the Twentieth—Fayette and Greene—Mr. Buchanan, V. B. had no opponent—the Harrison men giving out that he is indifferent as to the Presidency if not favor[ed]

able to them, and that a great portion of the Jackson party will vote for Harrison, if care is taken not to bring the two in collision. In the Twenty-first—Washington—Mr. M'Kennan, Har. is re-elected by about 200, but the Van Buren men carried the County ticket, as they did in Bucks. In the Twenty-second—Allegheny—Mr. Biddle, Har. is elected by 171, but the County ticket divided. In the Twenty-third—Butler, &c.—Mr. Beatty, V. B. is doubtless chosen. Butler and Armstrong each giving him a small majority, while Jefferson and Clearfield will rather add to than diminish it. In the Twenty-fourth—Beaver and Mercer—Mr. Henry, Har. is elected by about 700. From the Twenty-fifth, we have no decisive returns, but presume Mr. Plumer, V. B. is elected by 2 or 300.

The friends of Gen. Harrison appear to be exasperated rather than appalled by their defeat, which has at least had the effect of rendering them united. They talk confidently of carrying the State by 10 or 15,000: the Van Buren men claim 20 to 40,000. We give all the complete returns that have reached us:

Dis.	Counties.	Congress, 1834. Adm.	Opp.	Congress, 1836. V. B.	Har.
1.	Southwark, &c.	3782	2345	2568	2074
2.	Philadelphia City	3710	5389	3078	5321
3.	Nor. Liberties, &c.	5757	4593	4432	4339
4.	Delaware	1075	1325	1043	1102
	Chester	3528	4142	3922	3442
	Lancaster	3886	4889	4211	5391
5.	Montgomery	3766	3047	3194	1963
6.	Bucks	3040	3341	3085	3260
7.	Northampton	3100	1334	2154	1012
	Pike	633	36		
	Wayne	770	348		
	Monroe, new county				
8.	Lehigh	1743	1751	1752	1495
	Schuylkill	1905	727	1128	935
9.	Berks	4816	2132	4276	3160
10.	Dauphin	1695	1769	1829	1585
	Lebanon	1264	1636		
11.	York	3218	3619	3366	2414
12.	Franklin	1608	2377	1795	1703
	Adams	1143	1708	1313	1344
13.	Cumberland	1783	2500	1839	1715
15.	Columbia	1630	1095	1250	1002
16.	Union	1716	1396	1391	1170
	Northumberland	1826	797	1494	942
17.	Susquehanna	1362	1076	902	875
18.	Somerset	831	1611	577	1453
19.	Westmoreland	3446	1984	2871	1574
20.	Fayette	1787	1903	1870	1379
21.	Washington	2567	2703	2537	2766
22.	Alleghany	2976	3428	2984	3155
24.	Mercer	1099	1391	1200	1629
25.	Erie	1177	1430	1177	1732

New Jersey.—The rumor that the Whigs had carried Monmouth county turns out, as we suspected, to be unfounded. Burlington, instead of being divided, has elected the Van Buren ticket by a close vote. Somerset, the Council and two Assembly Whigs, by a close vote; one Van Buren Assemblyman, by 6 votes. Middlesex, Council and one Assembly Whig; three Assembly Van Buren. The Whigs attribute their defeat in Burlington, and partial reverse in Middlesex, to intrigues in the election of Sheriff. Bergen, Van Buren, by 250. Essex, Whig, by 6 or 700. Morris, Van Buren, by a small majority. Hunterdon, two of the Caucus and three of the Anti-Caucus Assembly ticket elected, all supposed to be Van Buren; Whig Sheriff. Sussex and Warren, Van Buren, without any distinct party opposition. In Warren, the regular candidate beat a volunteer candidate, by 79 votes. Cumberland, Whig, by 200 majority. Salem, do. by 157. Gloucester, do. by 100. Cape May, do. we believe without opposition.

Each party has 7 members of the Council; but the friends of Mr. Van Buren have a majority of 10 or 12 in the House. One of the first measures of the new Legislature about to assemble, will be to change the day of choosing Electors of President and members of Congress, from the first Tuesday in November to a later day—probably the second Tuesday, as the first falls more than thirty-four days before the meeting of the colleges, and the election on that day would consequently be invalid. This done, the decks will be cleared for the great struggle, which will be here, as elsewhere, a close and spirited one.

The friends of Mr. Van Buren in this State held a Convention at Trenton on the 17th inst., and formed their Congressional and Electoral tickets. We understand there was some difference of opinion with regard to the former, which resulted in the selection of an entire new ticket, as follows:

Congress.	
Charles Sitgreaves	Warren.
John M. Cornelison	Bergen.
John M. Michel	Gloucester.
Samuel R. Hamilton	Hunterdon.
Daniel Holmes	Monmouth.
Richard P. Thompson	Salem.
Electors.	
Robert McCartee	Sussex.
Elbert Strathorp	Somerset.
John Arrowsod	Burlington.
John Travers	Essex.
Charles Morgan	Middlesex.
William D. Barrett	Cumberland.
Henry Billyand	Morris.
James Maguire	Cape May.

Ohio.—The returns from this State are of a contrary complexion from those of Pennsylvania; and we have no doubt that the Harrison men have an average majority on their tickets of 6 to 10,000. Gen. Vance is unquestionably elected Governor by a decisive majority, and the Congressional delegation will probably stand 11 Harrison to 8 Van Buren. The Legislature is more doubtful, owing to the Apportionment Law of last winter; but all the returns that have reached us give a decisive Harrison majority. We give such reports as have reached us:

In the First District—Hamilton County—the Van Buren men have beaten Mr. Storer and elected Mr. Duncan by 3 or 400. The County has never but once gone for the Whigs, and that was in 1834, when Mr. Storer was elected by 96 majority, though Gov. Lucas then had 134 majority over Gen. Findlay, a resident of the County.—Before that, the Jackson majorites had ranged from 1,000 to 1,600.

In the Second District, Hon. Taylor Webster, V. B. is doubtless elected. Butler County gives him 1,400; Preble 900 the other way; Darke reported even. These form the District.

From the Third we have partial returns, which place Mr. Goode, Har. more than 1,000 ahead, and seem to place his election beyond donbt. We see, however, that a contrary result is claimed in some of the Van Buren papers.

In the Fourth, Mr. Corwin, Har. is re-elected by a large majority.

From the Fifth, nothing has been heard. Mr. Hamer, V. B. is supposed to be elected.

In the Sixth, Calvary Morris, Har. is opposed by Nahum Ward, Anti-Mason, and uncommitted as to the Presidency. We presume the former is elected.

In the Seventh, Hon. Wm. Key Bond, Har. is re-elected over Col. Allen by 6 or 700.

In the Eighth, Mr. Ridgeway, Har. has thrown out Hon. Jere. McLene, V.B. by about 1,000.

In the Ninth, Hon. John Chaney, V.B. is re-elected over Mr. Stanberry by near 1,800

The Tenth is all hollow for the Harrisonites—3 or 4,000 majority. Gen. Samson Mason re-elected.

In the Eleventh, James Alexander, Jr. Har. has ousted Hon. Wm. Kennon, V.B. by 350 majority. Both counties, Belmont and Guernsey, give him majorities.

In the Twelfth, Judge Alex. Harper, Har. has beaten Dr. John Hamm, V. B. by about 500. Muskingum gives him 850; Licking 373 for Hamm.

The Thirteenth has probably elected D. P. Leadbetter, V. B. over Gen. Shane, Har. This District has hitherto been represented by David Spangler, Whig, on account of divisions among the opposing party, who have a great majority here. Tuscarawas now gives a small Harrison majority; Knox, Holmes, and Coshocton, strongly the other way.

The Fourteenth has doubtless elected William H. Hunter, V.B. over Jabez Wright: Richland gives a large majority that way; Seneca, Sandusky and Crawford smaller ones, and Huron but 500 for the Harrisonites.

In the Fifteenth, the Whigs have elected John W. Allen by more than 1,000. Cuyahoga and Portage give him handsome majorities, and Medina more than balances Lorain.

In the Sixteenth, Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, Har. is re-elected over Ashbel Dart, Esq. by about 3,000.

In the Seventeenth, Andrew W. Loomis, Har. has beaten Dr. George M'Cook, V. B. by 27 votes. Columbiana gives 70 for Loomis, Carrol 43 for M'Cook. This district has always supported Gen. Jackson by about 1,000.

In the Eighteenth, Matthias Shepler, V. B. has beaten Samuel Quinby by at least 1000. Stark gives him 250; Wayne more than 800.

In the Nineteenth, Hon. Daniel Kilgore, V. B. is doubtless re-elected, by a small majority. We believe both Jefferson and Harrison have given him small majorities.

	1834. Findlay,	Lucas,	1836. Vance,	Baldwin.
Ashtabula	1310	749	1975	884
Coshocton	705	885	1136	1191
Wayne	1892	1619	1493	2507
Portage	2362	2074	3070	2516
Greene	830	751	1580	725
Harrison	1351	1508	1296	1585
Tuscarawas	645	991	1242	1104
Stark	1200	1384	1706	2011
Columbiana	1069	1891	2257	2595
Franklin	995	1170	2044	1284
Muskingum	2827	1537	2891	2076
Fairfield	1349	2024	1683	2663
Licking	1390	2201	2144	2563
Highland	1009	1092	1356	1027
Carroll	476	593	986	972
Miami	999	938	1468	848
			Reported Majorities.	
Cuyahoga	1497	959	566	
Medina	770	606	517	
Lorain	818	802		100
Geauga	1546	815	1650	
Wood	265	168	500	
Lucas	(new county)		150	
Trumbull	2504	2370		73
Union	279	246	200	
Butler	1168	2090		1400
Preble	1397	895	900	
Champaign	917	432	850	
Clark	1159	492	1112	
Crawford	325	528		43
Clinton	934	823	557	
Warren	1684	1123	829	
Pickaway	1168	1023		100
Marion	347	660	181	
Perry	763	1327		250
Hocking	145	341		250
Logan	740	429	710	
Belmont	2230	2107	160	
Huron	1582	1117	420	
Delaware	660	850	218	
Ross	2141	1888	420	
Seneca	581	586	391	
Sandusky	313	383		150
Richland	1268	2309		800
Shelby	246	515	192	
Madison	448	475	500	
Hamilton	4226	4353		300
Montgomery	1979	1978	340	
Jackson	429	478		19
Pike	328	516		32
Fayette	570	645	53	
Morgan	895	892		250
Guernsey	1257	1344	267	
Holmes	241	895		300
Clermont	670	1327		500
Scioto	970	527	500	

Vermont.—The new Legislature of this State convened at Montpelier on Thursday the 13th inst. The Senate was organized by the appointment of E. N. Briggs, Esq. President pro tem. and Hon. Robert Pierpont Secretary, and on calling the roll it appeared that all the members were present. After the appointment of a Committee to count the votes for State officers, the adoption of some necessary rules, (this being the first meeting of a Senate in Vermont,) the body was declared duly organized and adjourned to 3 o'clock, P. M.—In the House, after some preliminary business, a ballot was had for Speaker, with the following result:

For Carlos Coolidge, Esq. (Anti-Masonic Harrison,)	125
John Smith (Anti-Masonic Van Buren)	88
Scattering	3—91
Clear majority for Coolidge,	34

Mr. Coolidge is the representative from Windsor; Mr. Smith from St. Albans, and has been Speaker for some years past. A. L. Miner, Esq. of Manchester, was elected Clerk, over O. H. Smith, Esq. by similar vote.—Norman Williams, Esq. was on joint ballot elected Secretary of State.

In the afternoon, the Canvassing Committee reported to both Houses the following result of the election for State officers:

For Governor—	Silas H. Jenison (Harrison)	20,471
	Wm. C. Bradley (Van Buren)	16,124
	Majority for Jenison	4,347
Lieut. Governor—	David M. Camp (Harrison)	20,022
	John S. Pettibone (V. B.)	15,926
Treasurer—	Augustine Clark (Harrison)	20,188
	Charles R. Cleaves	15,946

There were only 35 scattering votes for Governor, 61 for Lieutenant, 12 for Treasurer. Messrs. Jenison, Camp, and Clark, the Harrison candidates, of course elected.

The first election of Speaker and Clerk being only pro tempore, another was had, which resulted in their success by still larger majorities, but the former is the test of political strength. In the afternoon, the Lieutenant Governor elect took the chair of the Senate as President *ex officio*.

MAINE.—The official returns of the late Congressional Election have at length been published, by which it is fully established that only three members were chosen—Messrs. Carter and Fairfield (V. B.) and Evans (Whig.) Mr. F. O. J. Smith lacks 38 votes in the Portland District, and Judge Bailey (Whig) 21 in the Lincoln District. Mr. Davee lacks 60 in Penobscot and Somerset. In the Hancock and Waldo Districts there is no approach to a choice. We understand the second trial will be deferred until after the Presidential Election.

GEORGIA.—Returns from fifty-nine Counties give the following aggregates of the poll for Members of Congress:

Dawson, (highest 'State Rights')	24,054
Townes (do. 'Union')	21,674
State Rights majority	2,380

There can be no doubt, we presume, of the election of Dawson, and probably some others on the State Rights ticket. Thirty-one counties to hear from, which will greatly reduce and probably annihilate the average State Rights majority.—The counties heard from gave a S. R. majority of only 460 last year, exhibiting a gain of 1,920, and rendering it certain that the Union ticket cannot have succeeded by more than 1,000 votes.

Gen. Coffee's decease having created a vacancy in the Georgia Congressional delegation, the Governor has ordered a new election at the coming Presidential trial. Gen. Wm. C. Dawson, having just run the highest on the State Rights Ticket for the next Congress, has been recommended for the vacancy by the Central Committee.

NEW-YORK.—*City.*—We understand that the respective tickets of the two great National parties in this city have been made out by their Nominating Committees; but, as they have not yet been submitted to the 'rank and file' in the general meetings, we should feel hardly justified in publishing them. Rumor, however, assigns the following Congress tickets to the two parties: Van Buren—C. C. Cambreleng, John M'Keon, Eli Moore, Gideon Lee, (all the old Members;) Harrison—Ogden Hoffman, Edward Curtis, Hubert Van Wagenen, Ira B. Wheeler. (Mr. Wheeler is the present Alderman of the Thirteenth, and an especial favorite with the 'Native American' party.) Mr. Curtis is on the Anti-Monopoly ticket.

First District.—Frederick A. Tallmadge (Alderman of the Eighth Ward of this city) has been nominated for Senator in this District by all the parties opposed to Tammany Hall—Col. Morgan L. Smith being the regular Van Buren candidate. They are both gentlemen of talent and popularity, and the contest is far from being an unequal one.

Second District.—Henry H. Van Dyck, Esq. Editor of the 'Independent Republican,' Goshen, Orange Co. has been nominated for Senator by the Van Buren party in this District. The Whigs have nominated Stephen W. Fullerton, Esq. also of Orange Co.

Third District.—Alonzo C. Paige of Schenectady and Noadiah Johnson of Delaware have been nominated for Senators by the friends of Mr. Van Buren in the Third District.

Third District.—The Whig Senatorial Convention at Albany, on Tuesday, nominated Col. Elisha Jenkins, of Columbia, and Amos Briggs, Esq., of Rensselaer, for Senators.

Eighth District.—Hon. Alexis Ward of Orleans Co. has been selected as the Van Buren 'Democratic' candidate for Senator in the Eighth District.

1st District.—Thomas B. Jackson, Esq., of Queens, has been selected as a candidate for Congress by the friends of Van Buren in Queens and Suffolk.

XIth District.—The Van Buren party of Schenectady and Saratoga have nominated Hon. John I. De Graff of Schenectady for Congress. Robert Sanders, Esq. of Glenville, is the Harrison candidate.

XVIth District.—Arphaxed Loomis, Esq. of Little Falls, has been nominated for Congress by the 'Democratic' Van Buren party of Herkimer and Lewis.

XVIIth District.—The Whigs of Oneida and Oswego have nominated Joshua A. Spencer, Esq., of Utica, for the next Congress, and for the unexpired term of Hon. Samuel Beardsley; and John Grant, Jr., of Oswego, for the next Congress only.

XXXth District.—The Whigs of Livingston and Allegany have nominated Luther C. Peck, Esq. of Allegany for the next Congress, and John Young, Esq. of Livingston for the vacancy in this created by the resignation of Hon. Philo C. Fuller.

XXXIId District.—The Van Buren party of this District, finding it impossible to agree as to which county was entitled to the Congressman, referred their difference to three distinguished members of the party residing out of the District, who decided in favor of the claims of Niagara.—Washington Hunt, Esq. was thereupon put in nomination. The Whigs have nominated Charles F. Mitchell, Esq. also of Niagara—Hon. Gideon Hard having declined.

Oneida.—The Whigs of this county have resolved to make no nominations for Assembly, there being three tickets, the 'Regular,' the 'Bolters,' and the 'Equal Rights,' already before the people. They expect, by this movement, to defeat the 'Regular,' at all events.

Monroe.—The Van Buren ticket of this county consists of Horace Gay, Esq. for Congress, Hestor L. Stevens, Micajah W. Kirby, and John E. Patterson, for Assembly.

Delaware.—Van Buren ticket—Jesse Booth, Thomas J. Hubbell, Assembly. Amasa J. Parker, Esq. is the candidate for Congress in the District composed of Delaware and Broome.

Allegany.—Walter S. Church and Nathaniel Coe are the Whig candidates for Assembly.

Chenango.—John C. Clark for Congress, Squire Smith, Isaac Stokes and John F. Hill for Assembly, form the Van Buren ticket for this county.

Steuben.—Daniel W. Sunderlin, Wm. Stevens and Abner Thorber are the Whig candidates for Assembly.

Ulster.—John C. Brodhead for Congress, Samuel Elmore and Ephraim E. Depuy for Assembly, are the regular Van Buren ticket in this County. We hear that another may be presented.

Dutchess.—The friends of Van Buren have nominated Hon. Obadiah Titus of Washington for Congress, John R. Myers of Fishkill, David Sheldon of Northeast, and Taber Belding of Amenia, for Assembly.

Orleans.—Harmon Goodrich, Esq. of Albion, is the Whig candidate for Assembly.

Queens.—The Whigs have nominated David W. Jones for Assembly, John Simonson for County Clerk, and B. T. Smith for Coroner.

Saratoga.—The Whigs have nominated John Stewart and Neh. St. John for Assembly, and John Dunning for Clerk.

Chautauque.—The Whigs have nominated Alvin Plumb, Calvin Rumsey and Wm. Wilcox for Assembly.

Greene.—The Van Buren candidates for Assembly are John Watson and Stephen Tryon.

Schenectady.—Peter Barker of the city has been nominated for the Assembly by the new 'Equal Rights' party.—Mr. Sanders declines the Whig Congressional nomination on account of ill health, and a new candidate has ere this been selected.

Erie.—The Whigs of this County have nominated Hon. Millerd Fillmore for Congress, Squire S. Case, Benjamin O. Bivins, and Elisha Smith for Assembly.

Montgomery.—The Van Buren party of this county, or what seems to be the stronger division of it, have nominated Cornelius H. Putnam, Esq. for Congress, Joshua Read, John Burns, jr. and Richard Peck, for Assembly.

Greene.—The Harrison men have nominated Abijah Reed of Greenville and Eli Pierce of Athens for the Assembly.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.—There are some faint indications of a rally for the ensuing contest on the part of the Anti-Van Buren party of this State. The Cheshire County Whig Convention nominated Hon. Samuel Bell as an Elector at large, and Mr. Samuel Grant of Walpole for Cheshire District. The Statesman at Concord proposes the names of Hon. William Plumer, Jeremiah Smith, Samuel Bell, David L. Morrill Andrew Pierce, Salma Hale and Joseph Healy, to form a Whig Electoral Ticket. Three of these have been 'Democratic' and one 'Federal' Governor of the State at different periods, and all, we believe, Members of Congress—some of them for many years.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The election for Members of Congress and of the Legislature took place last week. We have heard but from one Congressional District—Charleston—where the Nullifiers, after discarding Mr. Pinckney, their late Member, differed among themselves with regard to the relative claims of Messrs. Holmes and Dubose, finally withdrew them both, and the contest was between Mr. Pinckney and Hon. Hugh S. Legare, nominated by the Unionists.—The latter has been chosen: Legare 1,240; Pinckney 1,184—majority 56.

Political Items.

Bird Landon, Esq, delegate elect from South Hero, Vt. to the Assembly, while his carriage was at the door of his house, to carry him to Montpelier, was seized with an apoplectic fit and died immediately.

A Great Barbecue, in honor of Gen. Harrison, was given at Lexington, Ky. on the anniversary of the Battle of the Thames—Robert Wickliffe, Esq. presiding. Nearly all the most distinguished members of the Whig party of the State were in attendance, and the entire assemblage is computed at 3,000. Messrs. Clay, Crittenden and Poindexter were among the guests and orators. The toasts were at once spirited and dignified.

Philadelphia.—Hon. John Swift has been elected Mayor, Wm. M. Meredith President of the Select Council, and Wm. Rawle President of the Common Council by the newly elected authorities.

Hon. Alex. Everett, a candidate for Congress in Massachusetts, has had a personal rencontre with a political opponent, Mr. Charles Bowen, on account of a publication by the latter of sundry extracts from Mr. E.'s writings vilifying the party he now supports and its Presidential candidate. Mr. Everett appears to have engaged in the affray on his own motion, and to have come out 'second best,' if the account before us may be depended on.

Hon. Samuel A. Eliot has been nominated for Mayor of the Whigs of Boston, vice Lieut. Gov. Armstrong, who declines.

Amasa Walker, Esq. is the Van Buren candidate for Congress in Boston.

Frances Wright D'Arusmont is now in this city. Fanny is doing a fair business in the lecturing line. Religion and politics are her hobbies—a little of the first (negatively,) and a good deal of the last. Politically, she is a ferocious Democrat, with a smart sprinkle of the Locofoco.

Gov. Marcy and *Gov. Edwards* of Conn. visited the Fair simultaneously on Thursday.

Mr. M'Intire, a supporter of Van Buren and Jackson, has been elected to the Legislature of Indiana, from Fountain Co. for the seat vacant by the death of Wm. Templeton, Esq. Vote—M'Intire 619; Patterson 317—a light poll.

Gov. Marcy has been in town throughout the past week, reviewing the militia, &c. His reception has been cordial, not ostentatious—such as befits the Chief Magistrate of a Republican community.

Gen. Samuel Smith, the veteran Senator, was on Monday re-elected Mayor of Baltimore over Col. Small. Vote—Smith 5,262; Small 4,651—majority 611. Gen. Smith supports Van Buren—Col. Small Gen. Harrison, but we do not know that politics governed the election. By the way, elections are becoming rather plentiful in Baltimore.

Hon. Jesse Miller, M. C. from the Cumberland District, Pa. has been appointed Fourth Auditor of the Treasury and resigned his seat in Congress. A new election has been ordered.

Fire at Aquackanack.—The dwelling, store, barn, and lumber yard of John Sip at Aquackanack, N. J. was destroyed by fire the 15th inst. Loss estimated at $7000; insurance $2000.

Fire at Newburgh.—The steam grist-mill of E. Haslehurst, Golden street, Newburgh, was destroyed by fire on the night of Tuesday last. The amount of loss is estimated at $2,400 of which $600 were covered by insurance.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

[Additional Items received by the Orpheus.]

GREAT BRITAIN.—A voluminous correspondence has taken place between Lord John Russell and Mr. J. S. Buckingham, M. P., originating in some very severe observations of the latter upon the conduct of ministers, and of Lord John Russell in particular, relative to certain claims upon the East India Company, set up by Mr. Buckingham. A duel was frequently hinted at in the course of the correspondence, but both gentlemen finally came to the conclusion that they would fight out their battle on the floor of the House of Commons.

John Pond, Esq., the eminent astronomer, died on the 7th of September. He had held the important and useful office of Astronomer Royal for twenty-five years.

The King is said to have ordered the removal of a bust of the Duke of Bedford, from the gallery in Windsor Castle, on learning that his grace had subscribed to the O'Connell tribute.

Messrs. Stephenson & Co., of Newcastle, are constructing a locomotive engine for the Emperor of Russia, the speed of which is warranted to be 40 miles an hour. The railway is six feet wide, and the wheels of the locomotive are six feet in diameter.

RUSSIA.—At Moscow on the 4th of August, the famous bell, the largest and handsomest in the world, was raised from the ground, where it had long lain. It was cast in 1733, by order of the Empress Anne, by Michael Mortoren, a Russian metal founder. Its height is 21 feet; its diameter 23 feet; its weight 12,000 poods, 480,000 lbs.; (432,000 lbs. English weight.) The beauty of the form, the bas reliefs with which it is adorned, the value of the metal, which is a composition of gold, silver and copper, render it remarkable, as showing the advanced state of the art of casting in metal in Russia at that period. It was raised by a very ingenious contrivance of M. Motferrand, and is placed for the present on a pedestal.

FRANCE.—The Paris papers are still engaged in discussing the probabilities of the new ministry, and abusing M. Guizot. It is said that marshal Soult has refused the war portfolio, and that it had been offered to Gen. Sebastiani. M. Guilleminot is said to have refused the embassy to Madrid, but the Journal des Debats affirms positively that an ambassador has been appointed. The sum of the matter is, that no farther advance to the completion of ministerial arrangements had been made, than at the date of our last previous advices. The ministerial papers incline to the opinion, that the policy of the government with regard to Spain would be non-intervential.

SPAIN.—The intelligence from Madrid is to the 5th of September. The Christinos under Lopez were defeated by Gomez, near Guadalaxara, on the 30th of August, with a severe loss of killed and wounded; Lopez himself was taken prisoner. The two battalions which revolted at San Ildefonso, and compelled the queen to proclaim the constitution, are said to have been almost totally destroyed in this engagement. Gen. Lopez ascribed his defeat to the insubordination of his troops, who compelled him to fight against his own judgement, as he wished to delay the attack until he could receive the reinforcements which had set out from Madrid under general Rodil. After his success, Gomez made a rapid march to Arganda, only five leagues from Madrid, closely pursued by Rodil and Alaix, one of Espartero's generals. The latter overtook the rear guard of Lopez, and rec[illegible]ured some cannon, taken by Lopez.

Gen. Espelata had gone to France.

El Serrador, commander of another flying party of Carlists, was also advancing upon Madrid. Strong suspicions were entertained of Oraa, commanding the army of the North during the illness of Espartero, and it is even said that a correspondence has been intercepted between him and Don Carlos.

The Christinos and Gen. Evans were preparing to attack Estella, which had been for some time in possession of the Carlists.

Don Carlos has issued a decree, solemnly placing himself, his army, and the kingdom, under the special protection of the Virgin Mary.

Count Wetterstedt, Minister for Foreign Affairs in Sweden, and Count Guildenstople, have been presented to the King of France. Their object is supposed to be to arrange with the Russian minister relative to the proposed incorporation of Norway with Sweden. The Norwegian mountaineers kick fiercely against the project of chaining their destinies to the car of the French King of Sweden, Bernadotte.

Three Spanish Decrees of 30th August direct the sale of the bells and furniture of the convents, and a forced loan of 20 millions sterling, to defray the expenses of the war. The disrobing of the convents must go hard against the ancient and inveterate prejudices of Spanish fanaticism.

Pauline Murat, sister of Napoleon, and widow of him whose tall white plume was always seen in the thickest of the fight, has arrived at Toulon—the spot where her illustrious brother first began his splendid military career.

The Landgrave Charles of Hesse, brother of the King of Denmark, is dead.

The little Queen of Portugal has written to Louis Philippe, to congratulate him on his escape from assassination.

LATER FROM FRANCE AND SPAIN.

By the ship Normandie, Captain Pell, we have advices from France to Sept. 15th.

Marshal Soult has positively refused the porte feuille of the war department, also M. de Caux. M. Martin du Nord has accepted the department of public works.

Mr. Mole, the premier, was confined to his bed by a bilious attack.

The condition of Spain up to the last dates, Sept. 6th, is represented as wretched in the extreme.

Raimund, the tragic poet, lately committed suicide at Vienna, under the idea that he was destined to be drowned.

PARIS, Sept. 14.

We long since stated that a commission had been sent to England and Scotland, with a view to examine the superiority of the iron cannon manufactured there over the brass ones at present used in the French service. The report was, we learn, favorable, but the government have resolved not to determine the question until after a course of experiments made under the direction of a commission appointed for that purpose. They have invited the Swedes and the English to the trial, with nine cannon of different dimensions cast after patterns sent from France. The Belgian government having judged that Belgian iron would well bear competition with that of English and Sweden, has also entered the field as a competitor, and several cannons cast at Liege have been sent to La Fere, where they are to be proved.

SPAIN.—The carbonari or radicals of Madrid, are seen in every part of that city. They are distinguished by large mustachios and a green ribbon at their button holes, and known by their declaimings against the aristocrats, government and military.

The Procurador Caballero, who placed himself at the head of the insurrectional Junta of Cuenca; Lieut. Carpero, notorious for the part he took in the revolt of the 18th January, 1835, at the Post Office; and Olozaga, the most violent demagogue of the day. The 4th regiment of light cavalry at Cindal Real has sent away all its officers, and appointed a sub-lieutenant to be its colonel. The provincial regiment of Murcia has done more than this: the soldiers, construing the constitution into a license to do whatever they pleased, have disbanded themselves and dispersed, each taking his own way.

Nothing but some great military success can appease the storm which is brewing. General Mendez Vigo, an ultra and late in command at the north, has been banished. The house of M. Bertrand de Lys (evidently by his name French) is the general rendezvous of the patriots at Madrid. Gomez intended to move towards the mountains of Toledo. He was at Beleta Sept. 2d, having crossed the Tagus on his way to Quenca. Rodil has not yet taken the command of the army, being detained by the appearance of the enemy near the capital. Cordova is at Bayonne. General Espeleta is expected there. Gen. Zaico del Valle is at Bordeaux. Basilio has entered Estelle with all his troops and booty.

Don Carlos, under date of Aspeitia, Sept. 2, has addressed a proclamation to the Spanish nation, calling on them to join his standard for the support of order against anarchy.

The French funds have declined—the stock dealers not believing in the permaneney of the new Cabinet. [Star.

FROM RIO JANEIRO AND BUENOS AYRES.—by the bark Ennomus, Capt. Endicott, from the former place, dates to the 14th August have been received, and by the brig Gambia, Capt. French, we have Buenos Ayres papers to August 13th. From the British packet, published at Buenos Ayres, we learn that a serious insurrection in the Republic of Uruguay had taken place, headed by the late President. Accounts from Montevideo state that the capital was in much confusion. Don Manuel Oribe, the President had issued a proclamation stating that rebellion had also raised its head in the bosom of the republic. Successful attacks had been made upon the Indians who had harrassed some of the frontier settlements. It is stated that the Buenos Ayrean Government, in conjuction with those of Santa Fe, Cordova, and the other frontier provinces, had gone far to annihilate the Indians, who had escaped the campaign under Gen. Rosas in 1833 and '34.

Para had become again quiet, and the regular government was again tranquilly administered. The rebels had fled to the interior, and were pursued by the Brazilian troops. [Star.

FROM FLORIDA.—Nothing of very particular importance has reached us from Florida, for some days. Accounts from St. Augustine, to the 29th ult., appeared in some of last evening's papers, from which we make a few extracts:

Governor Call, with 1,000 volunteers, had arrived at Suawannee river, and was to have crossed on the previous Sunday, and taken up the line of march for the Withlacoochee. Gen. Jesup is on his way to Tampa, and 250 Tennessee volunteers are expected hourly at Garey's Ferry, to join the United States troops under Major Pierce, whence they will move south.

In the United States Hospital, St. Augustine, there are 224 sick. We are informed that of about 600 troops at Garey's Ferry, Picolata, and St. Augustine, there are about 400 on the sick report. Three deaths have occurred the past week.

Mrs. Johns, who was wounded and scalped by a party of Indians on the 16th, has been conveyed to Jacksonville; it is thought she will recover. The citizens of Jacksonville, with a highly creditable liberality, have subscribed $100 for her benefit, and if necessary, it will be increased.

A letter from Washington to the editor of the Courier & Enquirer, says—"We understand letters have been received at Washington, from the South, representing the condition of our troops as disastrous in the extreme, from the aggravated disease of the climate. It is asserted that out of 800 regular troops at Suawannee, not more than 50 are fit for garrison duty, much less for active service. The brave Tennesseans who marched to the aid of their suffering brethren in Florida, have gone to Pensacola, having had 150 on the sick list in their march through that sickly country."

Later.—Two Skirmishes with the Indians.—The Savannah Georgian of October 10th, has accounts from Jacksonville up to October 8th.

The steamboat Charleston, Capt. Bonnell, arrived last evening from Jacksonville, which place she left on Friday. From a passenger we learn that the forces under Gov. Call had met with some Indians near Fort Drane, and after a short skirmish with them on Monday last, drove them into the hammocks, the Indians leaving four of their dead on the field. On the next day (Tuesday) another skirmish took place, with similar results, the Indians leaving five dead on the field. The gentleman from whom we derived this information understood that none of our men were injured. Major Pierce was on his way to join Gen. Call at Volusia.

Gen. Gaines.—It is reported from Washington that Gen. Gaines has been recalled, and is to be succeeded in his present command by Col. Arbuckle. Also that the troops now stationed at Nacogdoches are to retrace their steps and take post somewhere within their own territory. Also that all officers not with their regiments will be ordered forthwith to Florida.

LATEST FROM MATAMORAS.—By a passenger in the schooner Halcyon, from Matamoras, whence she sailed on the 19th inst. we are informed that there were 4,000 Mexican troops in that place, who were daily paraded and drilled. Among them are some efficient corps, but by far the greater part of them were destitute of clothing and shoes, and had a very miserable appearance. Gen. Urrea, their commander, had been ordered to the capital by the Government, on the alleged ground of misconduct, and an endeavor to excite the troops against the present, in favor of the Federal Government of 1834. He still, however, keeps the command, on the ground that the Government is indebted to him for advances of money made to pay off the army, and he is well liked by the soldiery.

Gen. Valencio or Bravo was expected to supersede Urrea, who would then repair to Mexico, and it was expected would disprove the accusations made against him.

We are also informed that the merchants of Matamoras were apprehensive of a general pillage if the troops should revolt.

About the last of October, or early in November, it was supposed the Mexicans would march against Texas.

A party of the Texian troops had made a descent on La Bexon, and taken possession of the place. Those of the inhabitants who were disposed to join them were allowed to take off their goods and chattels, and those friendly to Mexico ordered to leave the place immediately, and have their property confiscated.

The affairs of Mexico are represented as being in a bad state, the treasury so exhausted that money could not be raised to pay troops, who, it was feared, would revolt in consequence, and then "adieu to Texas!" [N.O. Courier.

Exports and Imports of the United States.—In the space of some forty-five years, the value of the exports of the United States have increased from the sum of some $19,000 000, to the present enormous amount of some $128,000,000. In the year 1791, the imports into the United States were valued at $13,823,000; at present they reach $150,000,000.

From the same period cotton dates its cultivation in our country; and independent of the millions of bales exported, it is said that at least $40,000,000 is chiefly invested in its manufacture in some 800 factories in our own country. The internal improvements which, during the same period, have been effected throughout the Union, exhibit alike the amazing enterprize and growth of the U. States.

Independent of turnpikes and M'Adamized roads, upwards of 2,000 miles of railroads, and 3,000 miles of canals, have been constructed, in all of which have been invested upwards of $120,000,000. These, too, have all been mainly constructed since the year 1817, and in which time, be it remembered, the country has liquidated a debt of the same amount, viz. $120,000,000.

[New Orleans Bulletin.

NEW-YORK.

☞ Mr. NATHANIEL CARPENTER, our Travelling Agent, is now on a collecting tour through this State. He has the bills of a majority of those subscribers who are in arrears. We would request, however, of those who may wish to make payment, to do so at the earliest opportunity, by mail or otherwise, as it may be some weeks or months before Mr. Carpenter will be enabled to call upon all of them individually.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must decline the insertion of "The Ship F—— off Cape Horn." "To a Sleeping Child," and "Moscow." The last would have been inserted but for a single blunder—

"how could I weep
O'er blazing ruins all the tears which keep
Unwept within my heart's soft fountain deep."

The error cannot be corrected without altering the verse materially.

"Lines" (3.) very especially ditto. The *ideas* are tolerably expressed, but the *verse* is not constructed. Such rhymes as 'weeping' with 'wreaking,' and 'hopes' with 'broke,' are unbearable. We do not expect that all our young aspirants to metre will write poetry, but they must write something which we can torture into rhyme.

"*The Magnolia for* 1837."—A copy of this superb Annual has been placed in our hands, but too late for that extended notice of its contents which will be taken at our earliest opportunity. It is embellished by thirteen engravings, from pictures by American painters exclusively, and executed by the first artists in the country. Of these, 'Esperanza,' (frontispiece) 'Sunset on the Hudson' and 'The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant' best please us. But the letter-press comes more directly in our line. Here, beside the contributions of Mr. Herbert—himself among the best prose writers in America—we have contributions from Washington Irving, Theodore S. Fay, W. G. Simms, Grenville Mellen, John Inman, Park Benjamin, Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. Ellet, &c. &c. embracing at least one half (and decidedly the better half) of the literary talent of the country.

The Magnolia, be it understood, is made up of articles from these distinguished writers, not graced by a few such for effect, eked out with the aggregate dullness of the worshipful corps of penny-a-liners and the precious bevy of fops and boarding-school misses who have just made the astounding discovery that they have read wretched romance until they can write worse, and that the *stringing together* of execrable rhymes is a matter of equal facility. Of the thirty papers which make up the literary contents of the Magnolia, more than twenty are by the writers above enumerated. We shall allude to them more particularly in our next. (Bancroft & Holley, Astor Buildings.)

"*Mackenzie's Works.*"—The Harpers have just issued in one large 12mo. of 500 pages, "The Miscellaneous Works of Henry Mackenzie, Esq." embracing (beside a Memoir of the author) his celebrated novels of The Man of Feeling, Man of the World, and Julia de Roubigne, with a number of Essays contributed to The Lounger and The Mirror, two celebrated Edinburgh periodicals. We do not often take up a volume of exclusively fictitious and desultory reading that we can so heartily commend to general perusal as that before us. Mackenzie's novels differ not less widely from those of our day in their extreme felicity of style and elegance of diction than in their uniformly virtuous tendency, and the care with which the introduction of a word or idea offensive to morality or religion is avoided. The edition before us is embellished by a portrait.

"*Fruits of Phrenology,*" *by Dr. Reese.*—We took up this volume with the expectation of finding a thorough expose and overthrow of the science of scull: We have read a great portion of it attentively, and must say we have been disappointed. It seems that a Dr. Brigham of Hartford, Ct. has put forth a volume of "Observations on the Influence of Religion upon the Health and Physical Welfare of Mankind;" in which the dogmas of Phrenology are incidentally brought forward as among the established axioms of philosophic truth. The religious views advanced, moreover, are of the stamp usually though vaguely denominated 'Liberal,' in contradistinction to 'Orthodox.' Hereupon Dr. Reese deems himself summoned to enter the lists as an opponent; and, truth to say, he has contrived to lay about him most lustily. Phrenology, Theology, Pathology, and Demonology, he handles with very considerable ferocity, and a manifest desire to be even more severe than he is. We dislike this jumbling together of matters so utterly discordant. Phrenology may be a science or a humbug—and we incline to the opinion that it is not worth the white paper that has been spoiled in wrangling about it—but is there any proper connexion between this and a general hurrah upon all dissentients from the orthodox creeds in religion? Grant that Gall and Spurzheim were quacks or visionaries—what connexion has this with a denunciation of all who hesitate to admit the infallibility of the Received Version of the New Testament, and who believe that material improvements, both in point of clearness and fidelity may be made in another translation? What connexion can there be between the geography of the science and the investigation of an alleged forgery and interpolation upon the Sacred Writings—for instance, I John v. 7? What is denominated heresy is much older than Phrenology, and we fancy is destined to survive it. We are strongly of the opinion that Dr. Reese, in his anxiety to stand forth conspicuously as a champion of the strictest Orthodoxy, has covered a great deal more ground than is necessary to his purpose of replying to Dr. Brigham and, as is not unusual in such cases, has weakened his centre by extending his wings. The reading public should understand that Religion rather than Phrenology forms the subject matter of the work.—We believe it misnamed in one other view—for the drift of the argument is that Phrenology is an auxiliary of scepticism and lax theological principles, and not that these latter are the "Fruits of Phrenology." (Howe & Bates, 76 Chatham-st.)

"*Paulding's Works, No. IX.*"—The Harpers have published Vol. IX. of their uniform edition of Paulding's Works, "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan." We do not regard this as one of the happiest of the author's productions, but it may be ranked with the most original, characteristic, and purely humorous. We believe a considerable portion has been rewritten or added to the new edition, to adapt it more fully to events of recent occurrence. "The History of Uncle Sam and his Boys," in the same strain, is appended.

"*Bryant's Poems.*"—We welcome this beautiful volume with a delight not unmingled with pride, as we reflect that it is in every sense truly and purely American. Mr. Bryant's poetry is of no common order; and, while it will not be denied that more that is excellent has been written by other masters of the lyre, we do not hesitate to maintain that no writer of the age has produced so much that is emphatically good, with so little—or nothing—of a different character.—Among the contemplative and quiet observers of nature, our author has achieved a high rank—next to Coleridge, we believe, and before Campbell and Rogers. If it be indeed true, as maintained by Mrs. Hemans is one of her letters, that it requires a loftier power to calm than to agitate the spirit—(and it is on this ground that she places her preference of Wordsworth to Byron)—then does Mr. Bryant deserve to rank with the proudest names which hallow the records of song.—We trust he may yet emancipate himself from the thraldom in which the conduct of a journal—a daily and a party journal, moreover—must bind such a spirit as his, and enlist all his energies in the production of a longer poem than he has yet attempted. We will not say he owes this much to the country—we could not predict for him additional fame in his day and generation—but we are sure such a work would redound to the honor of American literature, and be classed by future ages with the most brilliant and enduring memorials of the unprecedented array of poetic talent which signalized the opening of the Nineteenth Century. (Harpers.)

"*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea.*"—Ch. Ellms, Boston, has compiled a volume of 425 pages, entitled "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea, or Historical Narratives of the most noted Calamities and Providential Deliverances from Fire and Famine on the Ocean, with a Sketch of the various expedients for preserving the Lives of Mariners by the *aid of Life-boats, Life-preservers, &c.*" It is in this latter department that the real merit of the work consists, and we do not doubt that a perfect acquaintance with the history of the most signal marine disasters proves of great service to those who find themselves involved in similar perils.—The volume before us is illustrated by a great many wood-cuts of rather a primitive character, which can enhance its value in the eyes only of its juvenile readers. (Freeman Hunt & Co. 144 Nassau-st.)

"*Corinne.*"—A new edition, in two thin volumes, of this celebrated master-piece of Madame de Stael has just been published by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. It is quite fairly printed, and is said to have been improved in the translation—of which, by the way, it was quite susceptible. We may have heretofore expressed the opinion that this is the most remarkable novel from a female pen ever given to the world, displaying that rare blending of poetry and philosophy which is found only in the works of the highly gifted. It can be fully appreciated only by the imaginative and ideal; but must be read with interest by all. (C. Shepherd, 189 Broadway.)

The Works of Bulwer.—All the writings of this distinguished novelist are comprised in this edition of Carey & Hart. The work is in two volumes of rising six hundred pages each, and forms a series of novels which are too generally known to require comment, but without which no library is complete. The popularity acquired by Bulwer in the earlier period of his literary career has been increased by his after productions, and we know of no author who, in so short a space of time, has been so successful in securing a name for pre-eminence over all his cotemporaries in the same line of literature. That he is the greatest of living novelists is a distinction that has been generally awarded him. That his claims to respectable rivalry with those who have preceded him are matter for argument we fully believe, and for our own part we do not hesitate to place him second to none.

One of the advantages which this edition offers is that it is printed on fine paper and with excellent type. We predict that the sale will be extensive, as the price is extremely moderate, more so than any previous edition of the same number of works. (Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. New-York: C. Shepard, 189 Broadway.)

"*An Essay on Tobacco.*"—Howe & Bates, 76 Chatham-st. have just published "An Essay on Tobacco, comprising a Brief History of that Plant, and a View of its Effects on the Human Constitution, when employed as an Article of Luxury; delivered as a Lecture before the New-York Anti-Tobacco Society; by J. Smith Rogers, M. D." It is not intended, we trust, to convert any habitual masticator of the foul weed from the brutality of his ways, but simply to put the young and uncontaminated on their guard against the uncleanly abomination.—In this regard, we trust the little work before us may do great good, and we hope it may be extensively circulated. It demonstrates the highly poisonous qualities of the unsavory weed beyond the reach of cavil, and should be placed in the hands, especially, of those promising young gentlemen, from five to fifteen years of age, who strive unduly to elevate themselves to the dignity of manhood on the smoke of a 'real Havana,' 'half Spanish' or fragrant 'long nine.' If this do not cure them of their premature ambition, an application of birch would be in order.

"*Parley's Cyclopedia.*"—Two Nos. of this excellent elementary series have been sent us—a "Bible Gazetteer," or description of all the places mentioned in the Scriptures, and a Dictionary of "The Animal Kingdom"—the former illustrated by a Map of Palestine, and both by a number of wood-cuts. To the general excellence of the 'Parley' works we have already borne testimony, while their peculiar adaptation to the wants and tastes of children is a matter of perfect notoriety.

"*The Deluge.*"—This noble Painting is now exhibiting at the Athenæum, 74 Chambers-st. and is worthy the attention of the admirers of the Fine Arts. The subject is almost too vast to be embodied on canvas, but the effect is not the less striking and impressive.

"*Art of Speaking the French Language. By J. Manès, late Professor in the French University.*"—We have here a treatise—and a good one too—upon the grammatical arrangement of the French language. The object of the author is to form a number of simple combinations which are so classed as to come within the comprehension of the student without his being obliged to wade through the tortures and difficult branches of the study, as presented by a majority of the manuals now in use. The system is easy, and, so far as we are qualified to judge, correct, and we doubt not will be found worthy of attention.

The author may be seen at No. 202 Broadway. The book is for sale by Collins, Reese & Co. 230 Pearl-st. and at 472½ Broadway. r.

"*New-York Quarterly Magazine,*"—In our notice of this work in our last, we may have favored the impression that its Editors are connected with the New-York University. This is at variance with the fact. We believe all have been so connected, but most of them are now graduates.

Fair of the American Institute.—The Annual Exhibition of articles of American manufacture deemed worthy of public attention, either for their novelty or excellence, commenced on Monday Evening at Niblo's Saloon, and is expected to close at 10 this evening. It has attracted crowds of citizens throughout the entire week—having been visited, we presume, by not less than 50,000 persons. The annual Oration before the Institute was delivered at the Tabernacle on Thursday evening by Hon. Caleb Cushing of Newburyport, Mass. and is warmly commended. We were unable to attend.

We paid one hurried visit to the Fair; but the crowd was so dense that nothing was to be seen with any degree of satisfaction. Even the few articles we had intended to notice specially, we were unable to find. It is of little consequence, however, as the dailies have already described every thing wonderful or admirable. One word as to the arrangement of the Fair: The Managers must take some measures to avoid the continual blocking up of the several avenues by the assemblage of crowds moving in opposite directions. Where a remedy is so simple and feasible, it is a shame that it is neglected, year after year. Bishops' sleeves and Leghorn hats stand but a sorry chance for preservation in such a melee.

Loss of the Steamboat Wm. Gibbons.—A postscript in the Norfolk Beacon of Oct. 17, announces the wreck of the steam packet Wm. Gibbons. She left here Saturday, the 8th, and "was wrecked on the Monday following, on Boddy's Island, N. C., in a severe gale. The passengers, 140 in number, among whom were 32 females and 14 children, were saved, but suffered many hardships. The vessel was a perfect wreck. Some of the passengers arrived last evening in Portsmouth, from whom we have obtained our information." [Express.

The Balloon.—We wish to record the remarkable fact, that Mr. Lauriat entered a current of excessively warm air, after rising 2,000 feet, and was so uncomfortably heated as to be inclined to relieve himself by partially undressing. The highest altitude was nearly 7,000 feet. He dipped two or three times in the East River when descending, and rose again 1,000 feet, after which he landed at New Rochelle, East Chester, at 6 o'clock and five minutes. He says it was the most delightful excursion he ever made. We learn the garden was not filled, and he is minus $200. [Staten Islander.

Railroad Accident and Loss of Life.—As the train of cars was passing last night from Newark to Elizabethtown, and when a short distance from the latter place, the locomotive came in contact with an ox which had laid down between the rails, by which it, together with the nearest car, was thrown over, and the fireman, in order to escape the threatening danger, sprang from the engine, which, the moment he struck the ground, fell upon him and crushed him instantly to death. No other person was injured. The agent for the line was in the car that was thrown over, but received no injury. The train at the time of the accident was moving at a speed not exceeding 8 miles an hour. The name of the deceased was Wm. Richbirk. He has left a family who reside in the city. [Journal of Commerce.

Immense Locomotive.—Messrs Stephens & Co. of Newcastle, are constructing a locomotive for the Emperor of Russia, the speed of which is warranted to be 60 miles an hour. [Prov. R. I. Courier.

Thanksgiving in Massachusetts will be observed on Thursday, Dec. 1st. Governor Hill of New Hampshire has appointed the 17th of next month, as a day of Thanksgiving in that State.

Routs across the Isthmus of Darien.—A late letter dated Bogota, and addressed to the Editor of the Pennsylvanian, says:—

"By reference to a map of Colombia, you will perceive a town called *Chagres*, at the mouth of a river of the same name emptying into the Atlantic Ocean in the latitude of about nine degrees north. From that place to *Cruses*, by the various windings of the river, is 43 miles. This river is navigable at all seasons of the year for steamboats drawing six feet water, and as the current does not exceed three miles per hour, the trip could be performed in five hours. From Cruses to Panama is fifteen miles, as easily improved by rail-road as that from Philadelphia to Norristown. *Thus there can be secured a safe conveyance from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean in six hours.*

The bred-stuffs, provisions, and manufactures of the U. States, will find a ready market in the Pacific *twenty days* after leaving our seaports, instead of being exposed to a voyage of three months around Cape Horn, during which time the flour and provisions are frequently damaged by being so long confined in the holds of vessels in those warm climates.

Our whale ships in the Pacific will be enabled to transmit promptly to the United States any quantity of oil, however small, instead of being detained for years accumulating a stock sufficient to justify a voyage around the Cape.

The provisions, naval stores and seamen for our national and private ships, will find a cheap and profitable conveyance across the Isthmus, and the slightest indication of an European war could be communicated to our Pacific squadron in *twenty days* from Washington city.

The United States and Mexico.—The possibility of future hostilities between the United States and Mexico, is strengthened by the setting out of M. Gorastiza to the country whose government he has represented, at our national metropolis. The unsatisfactory nature of his diplomacy is as yet a secret of state; and it is likely that no light will be thrown upon the subject, until the Convention of Congress, and the message of the President. We had prepared ourselves long ago for some such an issue. The movements of Gen Gaines along the border of Texas; the usurpation exhibited in the removal of the boundary line between Mexico and the U. States to the old Fort of Nacogdoches; the hostile, yet contradictory tone of the government paper:—signs of this sort convinced us, that the end of these things is not yet. [Phila. Gaz.

TEXAS.—Col. C. P. Greene, of the Texian army, passenger by the Independence, arrived yesterday from Velasco, Texas, reports to us that, the day before sailing, an express arrived, official from Gen. Rusk, at head quarters of the army, stating that Capts. Carnes and Teal, the commissioners, who had been detained and imprisoned in Matamoras, had just arrived in camp, making their escape from close imprisonment. They state the Mexican forces to be at that time, the 5th of last month, 1,500; that Gen Bravo had been appointed to the chief command of the army, and Gen. Valencia second; that Bravo was to have taken up his line of march with large reinforcements for Matamoras, and that the reinvasion of Texas would soon after commence.

Col. Greene left the Texian army in good health and spirits, upon the La Baca river. Gen. Rusk had just recovered from severe illness. Gen. Greene and F. Houston were both in good health. [N. O. Com. Bulletin.

TAZEWELL, (Tenn.) Sept. 24, 1836.

Shocking Murder.—A murder was committed in Claiborne county, near this place, on the road leading to Kentucky, last week, in self-defence, under the following circumstances:—William Hurst shot Thomas J. Berry, who expired in a short time after. The parties were brothers-in-law; bad feelings had existed between them; the deceased had occupied the house where Hurst now lives; had removed to the Crab Orchard, in Kentucky, with his family; returned, a few days back, to this neighborhood, as stated, with a view to have satisfaction. On the day of the fatal deed, Berry (whose father lives in the neighborhood) borrowed a gun of one of his brothers, walked past Hurst's house several times, and stopped out of sight. Hurst's eldest son discovered him, and hallooed to his father that Berry intended mischief. Berry then came in sight and walked towards Hurst and his wife, both then standing in the road. On nearing, Berry levelled his rifle. Hurst got behind his wife, and used her as a shield, Berry dodging to get an aim or sight to shoot Hurst. In the mean time, Hurst sent his son to borrow a rifle. This Indian struggle lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, the contending parties being some three feet apart. Berry, finding he could not get a shot at Hurst without probably hitting his wife, which he did not want to do, took the rifle in one hand, and drew his butcher-knife with the other. In the act of doing so, Hurst's son handed his father a loaded rifle, who instantly shot Berry through the body mortally. Berry also fired, but missed, the ball grazing the side of Mrs. Hurst's head. The two rifles cracked within a second of each other, Hurst firing first. After being struck, Berry made an effort to re-load; in a few minutes took off his shot-pouch, laid his rifle against the fence, and soon fell and expired.

After falling, water was handed to him; he spoke a few words—that he had come to kill Hurst, but Hurst had killed him. Hurst asked his forgiveness, and Berry gave him his hand in token, and in doing so, expired. Hurst gave himself up, was tried by a called court next day, and acquitted. Berry has left a widow and small family in Kentucky.

I have thought proper to give this brief statement of the case, to prevent false rumors. [Knoxville Register.

Notices of Applications to the New-Jersey Legislature.—The Newark Eagle gives the following list of intended applications to the Legislature of that State:

For the Commercial and Manufacturers' Bank of Newark—capital $1,000,000, with the privilege of increasing it to $2,000,000.

For a Bank to be located in the town of Newark, with a capital of $1,000,000, with the privilege of increasing it to $1,500,000.

For a Bank in Manchester, Bergen Co. with a capital of $500,000.

For a Bank to be located in the borough of Bordentown; capital not stated.

For the Mechanics' Bank at Elizabethtown—capital $300,000.

For a Railroad from Patterson to intersect the road from Hoboken to Hackensack—capital $250,000.

For a Supplement to the Bergen County Railroad and Transportation Co. to extend said road from Hackensack to the New-York line—capital $200,000.

For a Railroad from Hoboken to the New-York State line—capital $600,000.

For a Railroad from Hoboken to Newark—cap. $200,000.

The Seminole War.—The Apalachicola Gazette of the 24th ult. says:

"Between nine hundred and a thousand friendly Creek Indians, under those brave and intelligent chiefs, Paddy Carr and Jim Boy, and about 200 U. S. Marines, have arrived here during the last week, in the steamers Le Flora, Reindeer, Hyperion, Minerva, and Anna Calhoun, destined for the seat of war in the Peninsula, to operate against Seminoles. These friendly Indians have been in the service of the United States in the late campaign against the hostile Creeks, and have ever acted in the best faith towards their white allies, and have evinced the utmost bravery and good conduct in the field.

Extract of a letter to the editors of the Savannah Georgian, from their correspondent in Florida, dated

ST. JOHN'S RIVER, (E. F.) September 18, 1836.

"Six hundred of the Tennessee volunteers have reached Newnansville; the others are on the way. They are accompanied by Gov. Call, who writes that he will rid the country entirely of this daring, wily foe, or leave his bones and blood to mingle with those of the heroic Dade and gallant Izard in fattening the soil of the Seminole."

Another Steamboat blown up.—We learn from the Cincinnati Evening Post of the 6th inst. that the Steamboat Nicholas Biddle, on her way up from New-Orleans, about five miles below Memphis, blew up, by which *accident*, (for it is always accident, although in England they send people to Botany Bay for *such* accidents) five persons were instantly killed, fourteen or sixteen badly wounded, many of whom will not recover, and ten or twelve jumped overboard, all of whom were drowned but two. [Com. Advertiser.

Murder and self-Murder.—A man named Thomas C. Elaby, living at Three Brothers, on the Apalachicola river, shot his own son William, on the 23d September. The paper from which we quote, says that this is the second murder committed by Elaby, within three months.

A young Frenchman named Theophile Bosque killed himself at New-Orleans, on the 4th inst. by opening the jugular with a razor. The Bee very pathetically ascribes this suicide to a series of misfortunes, which had proved too much for the sensibilities of the deceased; these misfortunes being, one, the death of a cousin, whom he killed in one duel, and the other a severe wound received by himself in a second. And yet this habitual duelist and self-murderer is lauded and pitied for his "extreme sensibilities!"

Crops in New-England.—Notwithstanding the alarming accounts which have been published, a correspondent in Barre, Mass. states that there will be a great abundance of hay and vegetables, and more butter and cheese than usual. Potatoes will average also the usual crop, and the corn on the rivers and highlands has not been injured. [Express.

Rev. Asa Messer, DD. LLD., for a long time President of Brown University, Rhode Island, died at Providence on Tuesday, aged 66. He was a man of extensive attainments and unpretending manners, highly respected and beloved by all who knew him.

FROM RIO GRANDE.—We learn from Captain Hopkins, who arrived in this city on Saturday evening, from Rio Janeiro, that on the 23d of August Mr. Carroll, a resident of Rio Grande, had arrived in a Brazilian vessel from that place, whence he sailed about the 4th of August. Mr. C. informed that the state of the country was much the same as for a considerable time past, both Rio Grande and Port Alegre remaining besieged, and that he had been confined to his house some time previous to his sailing, on suspicion of favoring the insurgent party. A government steamer arrived at Rio Grande from Port Alegre, about August 1, the passage being usually made in about thirty hours. In passing a shoal place in the river, she was fired into from a fort in possession of the insurgents, and was considerably injured. The steamer brought some letters to the last of July, giving information that Mr. Hayes, the American Consul, (whose arrest has been discredited in some quarters,) was still imprisoned by the Brazilian authorities, on a charge of favoring the insurgents. [Boston Patriot.

Attornies.—The London and Paris Courier has the following fling at the fraternity who minister unto strife:

Jonathan, like ourselves, seems to have a just estimate of an attorney. A farm is advertised in an American paper, and the beauty of the situation, the fertility of the soil, salubrity of the air, and so on, are detailed with all the eloquence of George Robins; but the great charm of all is contained in a note bene, and we recommend all persons to note it well. 'There's not an attorney within twenty miles of the neighborhood.' We however suspect that this announcement will cause a hard influx of the fraternity to the spot—such an elysium cannot remain long unpolluted.

Cape of Good Hope.—The last accounts from the British settlements at the Cape of Good Hope represent that colony as flourishing in every branch of arts, commerce, and agriculture. Every thing seems to bear out the propriety and applicability of its auspicious name. As an instance of its commercial prosperity, we can say that the amount of bills discounted by the Government Bank, from the 1st of January, 1830, to the 31st, 1835, was 2,067,251*l.*; and the loss upon discounts during twenty years amounted to only 2,304*l.* upon a sum discounted amounting to six millions of pounds. [N. Y. Era.

The Season.—A general frost appears to have prevailed throughout South Carolina and Georgia on the 5th inst. At Augusta ice formed, and some damage to the cotton crop was anticipated. At Savannah, ice as thick as a quarter of a dollar, formed in a small tub. Potato vines, pepper plants and young cotton pods were more or less affected.

Breach of Promise and Seduction.—In the Circuit Court at Albany, Sarah Eliza Wayne has recovered a $2000 verdict from Robert Bullock for a breach of promise, after a courtship of five years, and seduction. James Wayne, the uncle of Miss Wayne, recovered a verdict of $1000 damages for the seduction of his niece.

Steamboat Collision.—The steamboats Columbus and Daniel Webster ran foul of each other on the night of the 12th, on the lake, a short distance from Fairport. The Webster lost her bowsprit, and part of the ladies' cabin of the Columbus was carried away. Whether any lives were lost on board the Columbus, we have not heard. There was, however, much confusion and screaming on board the boat, and it is to be feared not without just cause. The Columbus was on her way up, and the Daniel Webster coming down. Nobody injured aboard the latter boat. [Buffalo Journal.

Steamboat Accident.—According to a letter in the Baltimore Chronicle, the steamboat Illinois ran on a log in a bar on the Illinois river, on the evening of the 19th of September. The pilot is said to have been drunk. A large hole was made in the bottom of the boat. The passengers remained during a cold night, without food, fire, or bed-clothes, and the next morning obtained a flat boat, in which they proceeded to Peoria, about six miles distant.

Shipwreck and loss of Lives.—The schr. Bucktail, (or Boxer,) supposed to be from Boston for Philadelphia, with granite, rode out the gale in the Horseshoe on Wednesday, got under way on Thursday morning, and went down suddenly in the Lower Bay, with all sail set. The Captain and two men were drowned—the cook saved by a boat from the Revenue Cutter. It is said she struck when coming in the Hook on Wednesday morning, and must have sprung aleak. Her hull is entirely under water. [Gazette.

Samuel Woodworth, Esq. the poet, formerly of our city, who has been for some time Clerk of Commodore Downes, at the Charlestown Navy Yard, has been compelled to relinquish his situation in consequence of a severe affection of his eyes. He has been a most efficient clerk, and his being obliged to leave, much regretted by the commanding officer of that station.

LEGAL REDRESS, OR SORE SATISFACTION.—The anecdote of two litigants going to law for an oyster is as old as the hills—each party saved a shell, and the lawyers shared the oyster. 'Bating the mere object in dispute, precisely such a case was settled in a lawyer's office, opposite the New-York Court House, last week. On Friday, two small coasters arrived at one of our wharves nearly at the same time. The first had just time "to make fast," when the second hauled alongside. The master of the second, for the purpose of securing the snuggest berth for his own craft, let go the "fast" of the first, and sent her adrift about her business. The captain of the first, as soon as he realized the trick that had been played him, jumped on board of No. 2, and gave the captain *sich a 'tarnal licking*, that he could'nt see out of his eyes. As soon as the flogged captain's nose had stopped bleeding, he made for a lawyer's office, took out a court writ for the assault, laying the damages at $100, and paying $5 to the lawyer and constable for serving it. As soon as the writ was presented to the captain that did the beating, he offered the beaten captain $10 to settle. The plaintiff consented to take that sum—thinking himself to be $5 richer by the transaction. A receipt being given, Capt. No. 1 said to No. 2—"Now it is my turn to sue you for damages for casting off my vessel." As he spoke, so he did, and paid $5 for a writ, as his antagonist had before him, and in a few minutes Captain No. 2 was in his turn in *durance vile*, and was only released by paying back his assaulter the $10 which he had just received from him; and as $5 out of both tens went to the lawyers and constables, both captains were of course $5 out of pocket by their *cross* actions. Boston Morn. Post.

CHINA.—An empire which comprehends about one twelfth part of the habitable portion of the globe, containing a greater population than all Europe, is a phenomenon in the science of government not unworthy of the western world. The surface of China, by the most correct maps, may be taken at 1,080,000 square miles, or 1,075,200,000 acres. A recent census makes the population amount to the enormous number of 360,000,000, which is nearly 30,000,000 more than that which was given by Lord Macartney; but take it at 300,000,000, and we have about 180 persons to a square mile, and 3½ acres to each person. If Ireland has 31,350 square miles, or 20,000,000 acres, these would give her about 3 acres to each individual, and 224 persons on every square mile. But the two countries and nations in all other respects are quite different. The distribution of the land in China is equal and fair; there are no overgrown landlords or starving tenants. In China, moreover, there are no priests to incite assassinations—no riotous assemblies—no midnight murders. Compared with Ireland, it is a terrestrial Paradise.

TWO REMARKABLE CLUBS.—A club existed, forty years since, at the Globe, called, "*You should have been here before.*" It consisted of an equal number of theatrical and literary persons, originally but four, ultimately upwards of forty. A new member was added every week. No ceremony was gone through in making the members, which is customary in other clubs, but the new comer partook of a splendid dinner, &c. and when the party were about breaking up, and the bill called for, it was handed over to him, the president bidding him settle it. "I!" the stranger would generally exclaim—"why should *I* pay all?" To this was replied, "You are the last among us—*You should have been here before!*"—This was the inauguration. Merry was, I believe, the last member; his bill amounted to nearly £100, and it was then agreed that the whole affair was rather too keen a joke, and "You should have been here before" was changed into "We'll never go there again."

I now come to the most extraordinary club I was ever admitted to; it was held at Norwich, under the title of the "Everlastings," and the grand principle of the society was, that, day and night, at any and all times, the room should have a member in it. When the numbers became reduced, the last comer was bound to remain until a fresh arrival—often a dozen hours. This extraordinary and health-destroying club, composed of cathedral and theatrical singers, actors, merchants, and tradesmen, lasted several months.

Records of a Stage Veteran.

A GRAVE ABOVE GROUND.—On the banks of the Ohio river, between Maysville and Wheeling, there is a cast iron coffin, supported by pillars, about two feet above the surface of the earth, with the following inscription:

"In memory of Andrew Ellison, who departed this life, January 12, 1824."

The deceased was an eccentric but unfortunate man. He was one of the first settlers in the western country, and hewed down the woods with his own hands. He left about two hundred thousand dollars to his widow, on condition she buried him according to his direction; she is required to move the coffin to any place in which she may take up her abode. By marrying again she forfeits the whole estate.

A Steam Vessel in the Pacific.—Captain Broughton of the brig General Glover, arrived on Sunday at Boston, announces the arrival of the steamer Beaver, Howes, at Oahu 8th February, from London, 160 days passage.

EXPEDITIOUS WAY OF KILLING BED-BUGS.—Place the animal on a smooth pine board and hedge him in with putty. Then read to him an account of all the rail-road accidents which have occurred within the last twelve months. As soon as he becomes so much frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth and he will starve to death.

Fire.—About 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning a fire broke out in an old stable in Cross at the head of Reed street, which, together with two more stables adjoining, were entirely destroyed. A carpenter's shop belonging to the Manhattan Company was considerably damaged. The stables were occupied by Mr. O'Connor, and owned by the estate of G. Janeway.

Corporation Generosity.—The Board of Assistants have adopted a resolution for giving $1,000 to the widow and children of Leuba, the watchman supposed to have been murdered by Joseph Jewell; and $1,500 to the widow and children of the other murdered watchman, Hudson, instead of the pensions originally intended.

Married,

On Thursday, 13th inst. by Rev. Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Augustus Fleming to Miss Euretta M. Moore.

On Thursday, by Rev. Mr. Covill, Mr. Charles D. Smith to Miss Mary Canfield.

On Thursday, by Rev. Mr. Bayard, Mr. Hart Snow to Miss Sarah Rachel Hilliard.

On Thursday, by Rev. Henry Chase, Henry J. Heaton, Esq. of Peoria, Ill. to Miss Deborah H. Griffin of this city.

On Friday, by Rev. A. Maclay, Mr. Henry Thomas to Mrs. Lucretia Berras.

On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. Daniel M'Allum of Princeton, to Miss Julia Davis.

On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Eastburn, Mr. Austin R. Gordon to Miss Sarah Louisa Hyde.

On Monday, at St. Paul's Church, by Rev. John F. Fish, John R. Chapin, M. D. to Miss Eliza A. eldest daughter of Abijah Abbott, Proprietor of the New-York Weekly Messenger.

On Monday, by Rev. Mr. Quarter, Mr. William Gillin to Miss Margaret Quinn.

On Monday, by Elder Isaac N. Walter, Mr. J. F. Allen to Miss Ann C. Covcot.

On Monday, Mr. Selleck Roberts to Mrs. Maria Louisa Jeffrey, both of Brooklyn.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Dr. Spring, Edward Spring, M. D. to Miss Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Richard Riker.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Spencer H. Cone, Mr. Le Grand Douglas to Miss Mary Morgan.

On Wednesday, by Rev. Dr. Dwight, Mr. Peter V. Remsen to Miss Jane C. Ironside.

On Wednesday, by Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Ephraim Gritman to Miss Catharine Tombs.

On Thursday, by Rev. Mr. Seabury, Mr. Henry Coulter to Miss Mary Ann Potter.

On Thursday, by Rev. Mr. Storrs, Mr. C. B. Hellm to Miss Eliza Jane McCaffery.

On Thursday, by Rev. Hugh Smith, Mr. John W. Harden to Miss Emily Jane Whiting.

At Greenwich, Conn. on the 18th inst. by Rev. Mr. Nicholl, Samuel L. Griswold, M. D. of this city, to Miss Sarah, daughter of James Smith, Esq. of the former place.

At St. Albans, Vt. on the 12th inst. by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Henry S. Raymond of this city, to Miss Cornelia, daughter of Hon. Benjamin Swift of the former place.

At Long Branch, on the 5th inst. Capt. William Flinn to Miss Elizabeth Wardell.

At Poughkeepsie, on the 18th inst. by Rev. Dr. Reed, Mr. William C. Southwick to Miss Cornelia Everitt.

Died,

On Saturday, Mrs. Margaret Voorhees, aged 44 years.
On Saturday, Susan Hoyt, aged 10 years.
On Saturday, Gertrude J. daughter of N. J. Boyd.
On Saturday, Mrs Sarah E. Mitchell, aged 27 years.
On Sunday, Mrs. Rachel Rokee, aged 54 years.
On Sunday, Miss Sarah Jane Hammond, aged 18 years.
On Monday, Louisa, daughter of David Bedford.
On Monday, Miss Delia Wintringham, aged 22 years.
On Monday, Louisa Bedford, aged 11 years.
On Tuesday, Miss Helen Amelia Cornelison.
On Tuesday, Mary Sanders, aged 8 years.
On Tuesday, Christian Alfred Williamson.
On Wednesday, Mr. Frederick Winslow, aged 28 years.
On Wednesday, Mr. John James, aged 30 years.
On Wednesday, Mrs. Abagail Minehin.
On Thursday, Mr. Frederick Devoe, aged 78 years.
On Thursday, Mrs. Ann Augevine, aged 31 years.
On Thursday, Capt. Lewis C. Hoyt, aged 47 years.

The City Inspector reports the death of 161 person during the week ending Saturday, October 15.

Prices of Country Produce.

Thursday, October 20, 1836.

ASHES—₱ 100 ℔			CORN Yellow....	1 6	@ 1 10
Pots, 1st sort.....	— —	@ 7 62	Do.. White.....	— —	@ — —
Pearlsy.....	8 50	@ — —	Do..Southern..	98	@ 1 04
CATTLE—₱ cwt.			Oats.....	55	@ 56
Steers, Prime....	5 —	@ 9 —	Beans, ₱ 7 bush	15 —	@ 18 —
——— Inferior...	4 75	@ 6 —	Hemp, Am ₱ ton	135 —	@ 142 —
Cows, each..	18 —	@ 35 —	Hops, first sort ℔	— 15	@ — 16
Calves..do....			PROVISIONS—		
Sheep..do.....	2 —	@ 5 00	Beef..Mess bbl	10 50	@ 11 —
Lambs..do.....	1 12	@ 2 25	Do..Prime....	7 —	@ 7 25
Hay.....₱ cwt	1 —	@ 1 50	Do. Cargo...	5 —	@ 5 50
Straw.... 100 bdls	5 —	@ 6 —	Pork..Mess....	28 —	@ 29 —
FLOUR—₱ barrel,			Do..Prime....	19 —	@ 19 50
Troy.....	9 50	@ — —	Do..Cargo ...	12 50	@ 14 —
Western.....	9 62	@ 10—	Lard.....₱ ℔	— 16	@ — 17
Baltimore	9 —	@ 9 50	Butter, dairy do	— 22	@ — 25
Richmond.....	9 75	@10 —	Cheese.....	— 8	@ — 9½
Rye Flour.....	6 50	@ 6 62	Hams.....	— 13	@ — 16
Indian Meal....	5 —	@ — —	WOOL—₱ ℔		
GRAIN—₱ bushel,			Saxony, Fleece.	67	@ 70
Wheat, N Riv..	— —	@ — —	Merino,....do..	50	@ 65
Do....Genesee	1 20	@ 2 —	Do..Pulled....	54	@ 55
Do....Virginia	— —	@ — —	Common	45	@ 52
Do....N Caro.	1 92	@ 2 —	Pulled, Spinning	54	@ 65
Rye Northern...	1 18	@ 1 25	Lambs	—	@ —

THE NEW-YORKER—QUARTO FORM—NEW SERIES.

PROSPECTUS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE Publishers of the New-Yorker commenced in March last, a weekly edition of their publication in quarto form, and made, as they thought, ample provision for supplying as great a number of subscribers as their most flattering hopes led them to believe would patronize the work under its then new arrangement. They have been deceived—agreeably so, in their calculations, inasmuch as the favor shown to the publication rapidly absorbed the whole edition, and constant orders are received for copies, which the Publishers have been unable to supply. With a view to obviate this difficulty, and meet the wishes of the many who desire to patronize the work, the Publishers have resolved to neutralize the blank in the current order of the volume, by changing so far the present arrangement, as to furnish *two volumes in a year*, in lieu of one, as stated in the original prospectus.

On the Twenty-Fourth of September next, therefore, will be issued the first number of a new series of the Quarto New-Yorker, or No. 1 of Vol. II. thus affording to new subscribers an opportunity of beginning with a distinct volume, entirely unconnected with the one preceding, while our original patrons will be advantaged in receiving their copies in a form calculated better for binding in a convenient volume, than under the old arrangement. The distinguishing line between the old and new Series will be indicated at the head of the first page of every number; and as no change is contemplated in the size or quality of the work, no inconvenience can result to those who have taken it from the commencement; while, on the other hand, it presents the features of an entirely new publication to those who may date their subscription with the new volume.

Under its improved arrangement, the whole edition for one year will embrace two semi-annual volumes, each containing four hundred and sixteen pages of original and selected matter such as has heretofore been presented to its readers, and which, it is hoped, has been of a character to meet the full approval of the literary and general tastes of the reading community. The two volumes will comprise eight hundred and thirty-two pages, fifty-two of which will be Music.

The aim of the Publishers is to present in a compact, neat, and portable form, a literary and miscellaneous journal adapted to the intellectual wants of their readers; and from the very flattering success that has thus far rewarded their efforts, they indulge the hope that the New-Yorker will continue to receive that share of public favor which it has ever been their study to merit. The expression of cordiality and good feeling manifested by their friends and cotemporaries affords gratifying evidence that the character of their journal has been based upon a correct foundation, and it would therefore be irrelevant to say aught regarding their future intentions, further than to express their determination of leaving no means untried of furnishing a sheet which will bear respectable criticism when compared with any of the periodicals of the day of a similar character.

To those who propose patronizing the work, promptitude in forwarding their orders is earnestly recommended, as from present appearances it is believed that, large as the edition is which will be printed, still the numerous orders daily received for it, will quickly put it out of the power of the Publishers to supply back numbers, and they will not warrant the entire volume to those who may come in late with their subscriptions. Annexed are the conditions which must be strictly adhered to, as the line of conduct laid down will govern the transaction of business between the publishers and patrons.

CONDITIONS.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be published every Saturday afternoon on an extra-imperial sheet of the finest quality, comprising sixteen pages of three columns each, and afforded to its patrons in city and country, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable inflexibly in advance. Orders from a distance, unaccompanied by a remittance, will necessarily remain unanswered. Any person or persons sending $5 positively free of postage or other charges will receive two copies for one year, or a single copy for two years, and in the same proportion for a larger sum. The few who may desire to take the folio edition for immediate perusal and the Quarto for binding, will be entitled to receive both for $4 50 in advance. We will cheerfully preserve the files of the Quarto for any such who may desire it.

H. GREELEY & CO. 127 Nassau-st. New-York.

*** Editors of papers exchanging with us will please give the above a insertion.

CHRISTIAN LIBRARY—THIRD YEAR.—The 22d and 23d Nos. of the third year of the Christian Library is this day published, at No. 4 Spruce-st. adjoining the American Tract Society's House. They continue "The Lives, Acts and Martyrdoms of the Holy Apostles of our Savior.—To which are added, Lives of the two Evangelists, St. Mark and St. Luke. By William Cave, D. D."

The first volume of the third year can now be obtained in different bindings. It contains the following valuable works:—'Travels in the Holy Land, and other places mentioned in Scripture. By Rev. R. Spence Hardy,' 'Travels on the Continent of Europe; through the Netherlands, Switzerland, Northern Italy, and France. By Daniel Wilson, D D. Bishop of Calcutta,'—'Narrative of a Journey to the Zoolu Country, in South Africa. By Capt. A. F. Gardiner, R. N.'—'Christian Researches in Syria and Palestine, in furtherance of the objects of the Church Missionary Society. By Rev. William Jowett."

The fifty-nine works contained in the seven volumes of the Christian Library now ready for delivery, have been selected with great care and inserted without alteration or abridgement. Price of the set, bound to match, ten dollars. The cost of the works in any other form would be at least $20.

The publisher is constantly reprinting the first two years of the Library, which can be furnished to purchasers and subscribers in numbers or handsomely bound volumes. The price of the whole handsomely bound to match, is $6; if in numbers $5. The cost of the same works from the Bookstores would be at least $20. Separate numbers or volumes can be had.

Oct. 14. THOMAS GEORGE, Jr. Publisher, 4 Spruce-st.

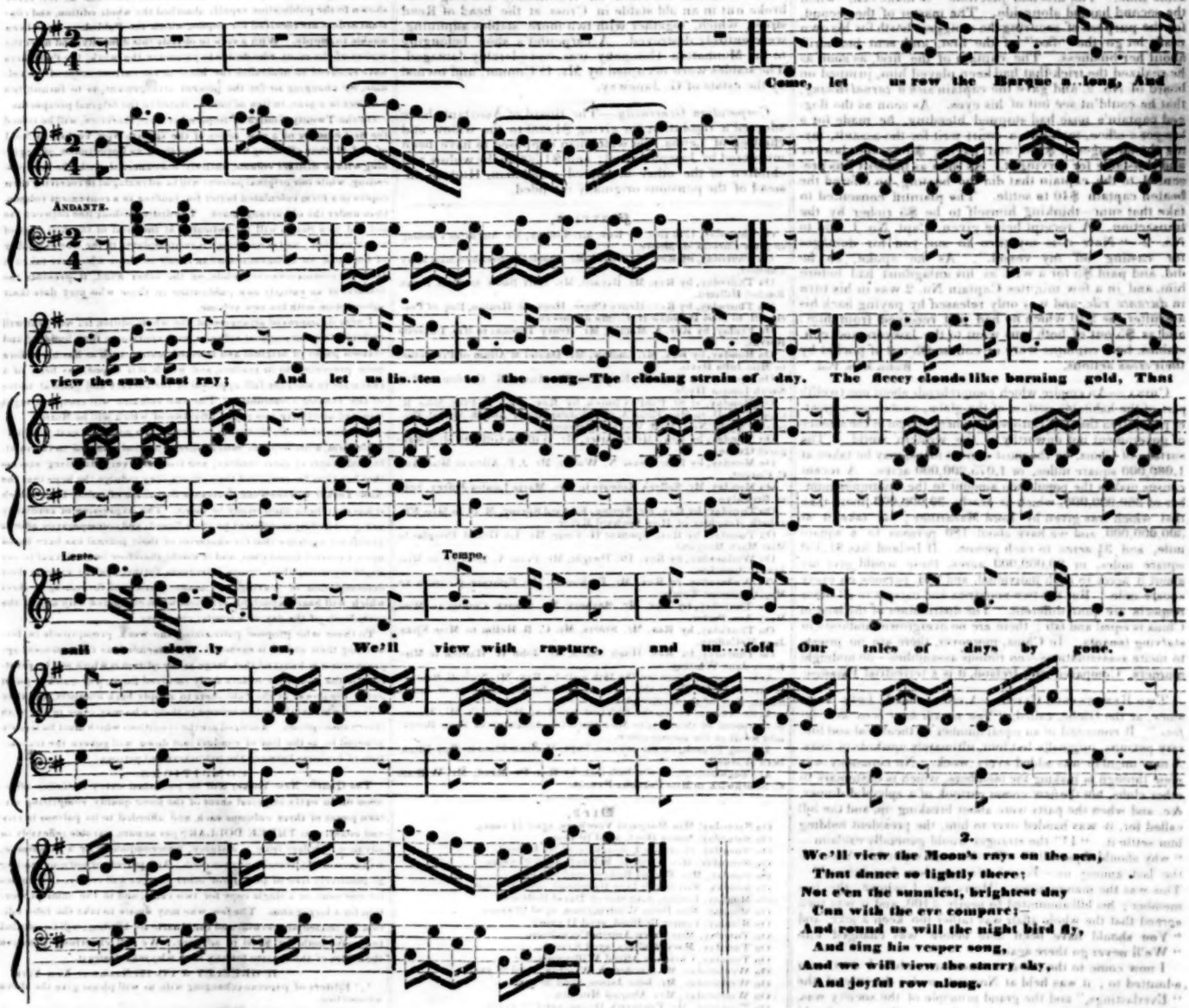
TO THE LADIES.

R. VENABLES, in returning thanks to the Ladies of New-York and its vicinity for their most unprecedented patronage, respectfully informs them that from the continually thronged state of his store he has found it indispensably requisite to enlarge it to double its original size, and that on Monday next, the 24th inst he will have the pleasure to lay before his patrons an increased and more superb selection of novelties than ever on any occasion were submitted for inspection. The assortment will consist of every description of plain and figured Silks, Merinos, Shawls, Calicos, Challes, Laces, Embroideries, Laces, &c. No. 254 Broadway. Oct. 17. 135:6t

[ORIGINAL.]

COME, LET US ROW THE BARQUE ALONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY AN AMATEUR.



2.

We'll view the Moon's rays on the sea,
That dance so lightly there;
Not e'en the sunniest, brightest day
Can with the eve compare;—
And round us will the night bird fly,
And sing his vesper song,
And we will view the starry sky,
And joyful row along.

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.—BY MRS. NORTON.

'Tis past! We're learned to live apart;
And with a faint and gradual ray
All hope hath faded from my heart,
Like sunset on an Autumn day;
Forgetful of these hours of pain,
They tell me I shall love again!

Perhaps I may! We laugh at jests
Some buried friend at random made:
Peace steals within our grieving breasts,
As sunbeams pierce the forest shade:
We learn to fling all mourning by—
Even that which clothed our memory!

Therefore I do believe this we,
Like other things will fade and pass:
And my crush'd heart spring up and glow,
Like flowers among the trodden grass:
But ere I *love*, it must be long—
The habits of the heart are strong.

Ere my accustomed eye can seek,
In some new, unfamiliar face,
The smile that glow'd upon thy cheek,
And lent thine eye a softer grace,
When in the crowd I turned to thee,
Proud of thy certain sympathy;

Ere my poor ear, that hath been used
To live upon thy manly voice;
Its daily sustenance refused,
Ere forced to wander for a choice,
Can listen to some other tone,
And deem it welcome as thine own:

Ere the true heart thou couldst deceive
Can hope, and dream, and trust once more,
And from another's lips believe
All that THY lips so falsely swore,
And hear those vows of other years
Without a burst of bitter tears:

Ere I have half my mind explain'd
To one who shares my thoughts too late,
With weary tongue, and spirit pain'd,
And heart that still feels desolate,
Have travelled through those by-gone days
Which made life barren to my gaze:

What years must pass! In this world's strife
How small will be my portion then:
The fainting energies of life
Will scarcely serve to love again,
Love!—to the pale, uncertain flame,
The fervent God denies his name.

No! let no wrong'd heart look to mine;
Such fate the wanderer hath in store
Who worships at a ruin'd shrine,
Where altar-fires can burn no more:
Vain is the incense—vain the prayer—
No deity is lingering there!

Oh! never more shall trust return,
Trust,—by which love alone can live—
E'en while I woo, my heart shall yearn
For answer thou wert wont to give,
And my faint sighs shall echoes be
Of those I breathed long since to thee!

THE NEW-YORKER—(QUARTO.)
Is Published every Saturday Evening, at No. 121 Nassau street,
BY H. GREELEY & CO.
TERMS—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
Post Masters and others who will act as Agents for The New-Yorker, are authorized to retain 20 per cent of all money collected on new subscriptions for the same, where their remittances exceed $10. On collections from those who are already subscribers, they will charge 10 per cent. Where sums collected are retained for a period of three months, the claim to commission will be forfeited. Where commission is charged we must not be taxed with postage.